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THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

THE attention of the Church both here and in Europe is at present concentrated on the subject of modern education, and its religious and social relations. In Ireland she has reaffirmed in the strongest manner her condemnation of the infidel principle that religious and moral can be divorced from secular education, and has warned the faithful through their Bishops against the ruin which sooner or later flows from its practical acceptance. In France she points to the revolutionary and ungodly influences which again threaten, and lately so nearly accomplished, the social and political destruction of the country; while in Austria and Italy she re-echoes the warnings of her Chief Pastor on the subject of secular and irreligious interference in the national schools. In Germany she bids the people take heed lest, in their ambition to build up the greatest of modern material civilizations, they lose sight of those fundamental religious principles without which, as corner-stone and arch, the lofty structure will assuredly weaken and fall.

She is worthy of a hearing at least. If her enemies laugh at her warning voice, and ascribe her disapproval of their educational systems to her chagrin at having been driven from the schools and colleges of modern Germany, England, and America, they should remember that she, who has had two thousand years' experience in educating men, is not likely to speak so emphatically, or act so decidedly, without good reason. All Europe once sat at her feet, and reverenced her as teacher and guide. Countless generations learned from her the alphabet of all knowledge,—religious, scientific, artistic, social, political. The scholarship of a thousand years is traced to her. Great students and doctors, whose names and works brighten our modern civilization, owed their degrees to her. She has been in the highest and truest sense the *Alma Mater* of mediæval and modern learning. As an experienced teacher, then, her views on education are entitled to respectful attention. From all those ages of practical and successful educational work, she must be able to speak intelligently and even authoritatively on education and its

true idea. Catholics who recognize her as the divinely appointed teacher of men, need no argument to convince them of her right and power so to judge.

As the teacher of all past ages, and as the mistress and guardian of Christendom, the Church has condemned the system of instruction which excludes the ministry of religion: the public school system, under which youth learns everything save the one thing necessary; university training, which results logically in infidelity; and, in short, all education which does not recognize religion as its guiding and controlling spirit. She rebukes the presumption of states that claim the right of fashioning and governing the national mind through national schools. She charges with trespass on her province school committees and directors that prescribe the course of studies which her youth must pursue. She reprobates the idea that science must break with faith, learning with piety, or else remain in perpetual infancy. To the calumny that her opposition to this mode of education flows from her hatred of learning and dislike of science, she points to the monuments of genius and skill which arose under her inspiration and direction. At the charge that she wishes to enslave the human mind, to check philosophical investigation, and to priest-ride the modern mind, she smiles as a mother on her wayward children. Honest Christian souls who babble thus about the Church and her opposition to unreligious education, would be astounded if told that they, in upholding it, are really in league with Satan against all that they value in this life, and all that they look hopefully to in the next. Education without faith, without morality, means infidelity, lawlessness, mental and moral perversion, and ruin. The Church, whose natural human experience is so wide, so deep, so searching, that it may be called insight, inspiration, infallibility, declares that this educational system is the lever wherewith Antichrist seeks to move the world; that it is the power of all the most potent to restore Paganism on the ruins of the Christian Church. God be thanked that the more thoughtful and sincere of our Protestant brethren are heeding her warnings, and co-operating with her against our common foe.

It is no mere sectarian squabble that this question involves. Many have deemed the action of the Church in reference to public schools an evidence of her intolerance, or her antipathy to the Bible, or her dread of an educated people. Infidelity has found it of interest to keep up the cry in order to lull Protestantism into a false security. The absurd prejudice against the Church has induced Protestantism to take sides with infidelity against her, whilst irreligion has soothed any Protestant scruples by generously permitting the Bible to be read and a hymn sung before the school exercises begin. Now, when it is almost too late, Protestants are opening their eyes to the true state of affairs. We are an educated but irreligious people. Fifty years more of the public school system, and we shall be thoroughly paganized.

Illustrations of this reaction of Protestantism against the public

schools are given in abundance by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, in a recent lecture. The following Protestant view, for instance, is remarkable: "Where the common school system won its chiefest laurels and achieved its highest success, all scholastic learning was based upon the fundamental truths of religion, and the Gospel teachings were the only sanctions of faith and practice. The dissenters were so few in numbers that their rights were never respected, and the great majority being substantially of one faith consented to this sectarian intolerance. The system was wrong, because if the support came from the state, bound to universal toleration, it ought not to force any religious system upon the child of a single objector; but the method was right, because, without the sanction of religion, there can be no proper training of the young in any branch of instruction; and the school where this is excluded is a heathen nursery. It is all in vain to say that geography, arithmetic, grammar, history, botany, &c., may be taught as sciences without any necessary connection with religion, true or false; and that the baptism of faith can be given to all these exercises by acquirements in the family and at the church, having no mutual relations with the school-room." The Bishop enumerates more than fifty eminent Protestant authorities against the system which Catholicity is accused of bigotry and ignorance for opposing. These numerous witnesses against the schools cannot be charged with any of the motives which are laid to us. Their convictions are the result of patient investigation into and trial of the principles which underlie the system, and which, according to them, are fatal to true education, Christianity, and morality. Some of the ablest Protestant prelates and divines in the country are more bitter than even the Catholics in their denunciations; and Dr. Coxe, supported and followed by the American Episcopal Church, has pledged himself to the foundation of "thoroughly Christian colleges and schools" in the stead of the antichristian and infidel ones, in which the American youth lose their faith and their morals.

The mystery is that it is only now that the American people discover the evil which their boasted public school system has been working since its institution. The notion that a child can live without moral and religious training six days out of the seven, is as absurd as that he could live the same length of time without physical nourishment. Religious education is a daily, hourly necessity. A child who lives without a constant reminder of his duty, his faith, his religion, will become a heathen as surely as an Indian papoose. This reminder need not be obtrusive or wearisome, but it must be of a character to interpenetrate his life, mind, conscience, and heart. Religion must enter into his studies, blend with his daily tasks, influence his conversation, and train his character. If it is wholly kept out from his school-room, the place where his character is chiefly moulded and formed, no home or church influences will supply the lack. "The school is the child's church." There he is subject to influences which affect him most powerfully. There

his mind first awakens, his heart is first stirred, his experience of life begins. Divine and human wisdom concur in declaring that a child's after-career depends on the way in which as a child he was trained. And in this country four-fifths of our children are trained in the public schools.

How? Paganism made better provision for the religious training of its youth than we do for ours. The Grecian and the Roman schools were decorated with the statues of the gods; the exercises opened with prayer and in some instances with sacrifices; the whole course of studies spoke of the power of the deities; the thrilling deeds of heroes and the axioms of sages were the theme of the masters. Not a single memorial of religion greets the eyes of our school children, except, perhaps, the Bible, which nobody listens to, which Catholics rightfully object to, which Protestants know and say is perfectly valueless and useless in the religious culture of the pupils. The negative character of the text-books, composed in such a way that no one can possibly take offence, leaves the mind of the student a perfect blank so far as sound, true, real views on any questions affecting religious or political interests are concerned. Learning in its purely material character is communicated; but it is quickened by no thought, faith, or sentiment. History is a dry chronological chart; literature, a collection of nothings; philosophy is speculation; science a mere classification. Religion is the life of all knowledge; the key to all science; the light of all true learning. Instead of bread, our school children receive a stone. Dr. Anderson, President of Rochester College, as quoted by Bishop McQuaid, thus expresses his views on this theme: "Our notion of God and the moral order form, in spite of ourselves, the baseline which affects all our movements and constructions of science, literature, and history. Inductions in physics, classifications in natural history, necessitate a living law, eternal in the thought of God. All instruction unfolding the laws of science, literature, and history, should be permeated with the warmth, light, and glory of the Incarnate Redeemer. . . . The ends of a Christian school, while working by its own laws and limitations, ought not to be essentially different from a Christian church."

The main point in our argument is granted. We cannot for a moment think that any Protestant parent, conscious of his duties toward his children, will question the importance of the religious element in the formation of their character, or deny that its absence from the school which they attend can be supplied at home, in the church, or in the Sunday-schools. No Bible or catechism class can make up for that dearth of example, precept, guidance, prayer, religious study, which are the essentials of true education, and which the public school system necessarily banishes. The Catholic theory of combining religion with secular instruction was followed by the founders of all the early Protestant schools and colleges in England, Germany, and this country; and in so acting and teaching, they recognized the truth and beauty of an educational system which alone can train true

scholars and good Christians. The present public school system is as much opposed to the original Protestant as it is to Catholic principles of education; and as a Christian and a parent, every Protestant in the country is bound to condemn and oppose a plan of education which infidels alone can consistently sanction and uphold. On similar grounds the Jew cannot fulfil the law of God, and practically follow the dictates of the Old Testament, if he exposes his children to influences which sooner or later will erase from their minds all traces of the Commandments, and all reverence for the Sacred Books and their contents.

Our proposition, therefore, resolves itself into this: The public school as it now stands is arrayed against religion, natural and revealed, for the law of nature dictates prayerful recognition of the Supreme Being, and earnest search into his will and ways; and the Christian law expressly enjoins us to suffer the little ones to come unto Christ; to guard against scandalizing them; to provide for their spiritual needs, and to develop in them those graces and virtues which render them the model of all that seek for the kingdom of heaven. The whole difficulty which has hitherto surrounded the subject in the mind of Protestants, and the cause of the determined support which they have given to the public school, are traceable to the admission into the question of such side issues as the reading of the Bible, or such misrepresentations as the attempt of Popery to gain control of the education of their children. The Church would not be satisfied with the schools if the reading of the Protestant Bible ceased, or if the Douay version were substituted in its place. Nay, she would not be satisfied if her priests were permitted to hold a catechism class of the Catholic children once a week, as is the custom in the national schools of some European countries. She wants the constant charge of her own children. She wants to control their studies, form their minds, direct their hearts, teach them, guard them, love them, have them at her side, and so fulfil in every detail the duty imposed on her by her Lord, of feeding his flock and gathering the lambs into her bosom.

How shall she secure this, her rightful control over her children in the public schools? How bring about, in their regard, her educational design? This is the problem to which so many and so conflicting answers have been given. There are some Protestants whose strong feelings on the lack of religious instruction in the system have suggested the feasibility of diffusing, through the studies and in the class exercises, "a Christian sentiment and influence" which could take the place of any positive or direct religious training. It is argued, with some show of reason, that the spirit of our institutions is not and cannot be adverse to the teachings of the moral law, or the canons of natural ethics, and these could be taught and expounded, without detriment or violence to the religious belief of any of the pupils. The substantial faith of Protestants, it is said, might render it possible to hold services in the schools, and to ground the children

in the principles of the evangelical law; and as all polemical differences would be excluded from such services, Catholics could not reasonably object to the attendance of their children. The religious wants of Jewish pupils could also be provided for. In fact, as any religion is better than none at all, no parent would hesitate to permit his child to receive some religious influence, even if it were not in that form and of that character which best suits his own convictions and tastes.

But it is clear that such a solution of the problem is neither practicable nor desirable. Aside from its unconstitutionality (for the state can no more give the preference to Christianity than to Buddhism), the Church cannot permit her children to join in prayer and worship with those outside her communion, even if the danger to Catholics from the proselytizing zeal of sects were wanting. Could such a plan ever become practical or legitimate, the Church is the only religious institution fitted for the work; as is evidenced by the successful working of her Catholic colleges and academies, in which thousands of Protestants are made good Christians without necessarily becoming Papists. Give the Church charge of the public schools, with the understanding that she is not at liberty to teach the children her doctrines and dogmas, but simply to ground them in the rudiments of natural and Christian probity, and she has at hand trained bodies of religious orders devoted exclusively to the education of youth, systems of instruction perfected by the experience of centuries, ways and means of training the human heart in truth and justice, and an influence and power that would soon transform the "heathen nursery" into the Christian school. As we have said, however, such a theory is wholly out of the question, and it is well that it is so. We doubt if the Church would consent to assume the responsibility or engage in the work, even if she were called to it by the unanimous will of the people; for though her maternal solicitude for all men, and particularly for those that profess the Christian name, is deep and intense, she does not consider herself bound for their sake to make sacrifices and undergo difficulties which are wholly unnecessary.

Is, then, our national educational system to be broken up, in order to satisfy the ridiculous scruples of a few sectarians? asks one who does not believe in the necessity of religious education. The public school system is one of our proudest boasts. What country has been more generous, or showed more enlightened zeal than ours, in the foundation of schools for the benefit of all classes? In all the appliances of learning they are complete. Our schoolhouses are models of architectural beauty and comfort. Corps of able masters and mistresses minister to the intellectual needs of the pupils. The system is so uniform, regular, perfect, that to change it would harm it. Are we to destroy this monument of the national love of learning and civilization? Are we to break into isolated and puny divisions this one perfect system? Do not the general interests of the country, which demand a skilled and educated people, rise above the local and individual interests of

sects? It is of small account whether a boy can repeat the creed, if he is ignorant of the multiplication table. His familiarity with the catechism will not fit him for the counting-room. For a variety of causes, private schools cannot train children so thoroughly as public schools can. In them, the boy has no incentive; there is not that variety of temperament and disposition, those differences of abilities which make the soul of emulation. Private schools such as each sect would found, would exercise an influence and form characters hostile to that spirit of equality and brotherhood which the democratic spirit of the public school kindles and diffuses.

The answer to this popular but illogical objection is, that it proceeds on a false supposition. So far as the Church is concerned, she does not ask the destruction of the public school system. She has never attempted to uproot this or any other "national institution," nor has she anything to say in reproach or rebuke to those outside her communion, who sanction and uphold it. But as responsible before God for the eternal welfare of her children, she must warn them against an institution which she believes and knows to be prejudicial to that welfare. She speaks authoritatively to those that recognize her as the highest spiritual authority and the representative of God on earth. To others her words are words of warning, and not of authority. To them she says: "It is not for me, whom you do not recognize as your mother and teacher, to interfere with your systems of education or your modes of instruction. All that I can do is to point out the injury which they do to your children. I have no right to disturb or frustrate your educational labors, or your plans of teaching your children. But, on the other hand, you have no right to interfere with my methods, or hamper me in my efforts to withdraw my children from influences which I deem hurtful and pernicious. If I take them from your school, it will not, on that account, go to ruin."

Even if all Christian denominations, following the lead of the Catholic Church, should withdraw their members from the schools, there need be no apprehension that education or learning would wane. It is by no means true that the public school system is so perfect in all the appliances of science, that its change or abolition would prove calamitous to the educational interests of the country. If the enormous school fund were distributed among the different denominations *pro rata*, the superiority of the private school system over the public would soon become apparent. Nor is there any necessity for a complete abolition of the public school method of instruction. The religious element would be something superadded. It would perfect, not destroy the system. Divide the school-buildings among the sects; apportion the resources and appliances, and the crowning glory of every educational system will settle upon our national one. The idea that religious studies would interfere with purely secular learning is so absurd as to be unworthy of notice. That sectarian schools have not been so successfully conducted, in most respects, as public ones, is

the result of the want of money. If the public schools were managed on so small and mean an income as many a private institution is, disparaging comparisons would soon cease. Even as it is, poor Catholic parochial schools, as a rule, compare most favorably with the richly endowed public institutions of the same educational class. Dr. Sears, one of the ablest and most critical educators in the country, has repeatedly expressed his surprise and admiration, on noticing the success which attends the educational labors of the Christian Brothers, the religious society in charge of most of our Catholic schools. Though altogether dependent on the voluntary contributions of the faithful, these schools, under the wise and efficient tutelage of the Brothers, annually send forth into society and business hundreds of educated, intelligent, and, better than all, upright and honest young men. Place in the hands of the Catholics their share of the public school fund, and she will found schools and colleges whose fame will cast additional lustre on the brow of that Church, called, by a great Protestant author, "the mother and mistress of all learning, human and divine."

The claim is just. If the Catholics will not send their children to the public schools, they cannot be expected to pay for what they do not receive; and if the tax is levied upon them, they are, in equity, entitled to receive its equivalent. At present, no Catholic parent can conscientiously send his children to these schools. The Church strictly forbids it, and annexes grave punishments and spiritual privations to the violation of her prohibition. In a very short time, it will be impossible to find a Catholic child in the school. To tax us, then, for the support of an institution which does not benefit us, which we condemn and avoid, is an act of flagrant injustice and extortion. It is absurd to say that the country provides schools for us, and if we do not avail ourselves of their advantages the fault is our own. The same reply could be given, with equal propriety and logic, to the tenant who objects to paying a gas bill on the ground that he never burns gas. The circumstance that there are gas-fixtures and burners throughout the house does not make the claim or bill equitable.

Eventually, we hope, the American people will see more clearly the reasons on which the Church bases her objections to the public school, and her claims to some state support for her own. We think that the country evidences an awakening to the truth, that its educational system is fraught with danger to all religious belief, and, as a consequence, to the stability and weal of the government. If the people would only be warned by the experience of other nations and ages; if they would only listen to the suggestions and warnings of the Church which holds consciously and thoroughly the accumulated wisdom and experience of the modern world; they would be as active and as earnest as she, in the reformation of education and the recognition of its true principles. Our scholars bemoan the want of that culture which has immortalized Europe, and the absence of that scholarship and intellectual training which America seems fated never

to possess. One day they will acknowledge the cause,—the absence from all American education of that reverent religious spirit, the muse of Christianity, the genius of Catholicity, under whose influence and beneath whose sway the great masters of pen and pencil thought and worked.

THE VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

NOTE.—We are requested by our talented contributor, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, to republish the following beautiful poem from her pen, which originally appeared (March, 1863) in a magazine called "The Continental," edited in New York, by Charles G. Leland, but now discontinued. The Legend will be read with special interest at the present time, from the fact that a poem styled "The Legend Beautiful," appearing in the December number of "The Atlantic Monthly," and credited to the pen of Henry W. Longfellow, is almost identical in theme and treatment. As an act of justice to the lady we cheerfully comply with her request, and without further comment leave the matter with the public.—ED.

'TIS the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,
Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,
Listen to what befell
Monk Gabriel,
In the old ages ripe with mystery—
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man with grave, but gentle look—
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted Spring abounds:
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect, and the building rook,
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird, and branch, and brook,
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took—
Deep in his cell
Sat the Monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall not see Me then."
A little while!
The monk looked up—a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
"O Thou who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
—The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(O condescension of the Crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of His Humanity—
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
His cheek out-blushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within,
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair Hand, in each fair Foot there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary:
Around His brows in tenderest lucency,
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling, that the room was filled
With heaven: and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!

'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet Presence, lo! a something broke:
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,

A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake, and fell,
And thro' the open windows of the cell
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying in his humble way,
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty—
But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!
—Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One—
(Praised be His Holy Name!)
Who for our sakes our crosses made His own,
And bore our weight of shame.

Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
And while in deep humility he lay
(Tears raining from his happy eyes away),—
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.

The Vision only said,
Lifting Its shining head:
"If *thou* hadst staid, O son! *I* must have fled!"

THE PEARL OF CAMPAN.

One fine morning in autumn, I was rambling through the secluded Valley of Campan, in the Pyrenees, accompanied by the excellent curate of the district, with whom, in the course of my peregrinations, I had become acquainted, and beneath whose hospitable roof I had promised to spend the night. The scenery was wild and lovely beyond description; and having expressed my admiration of it, I added a wish to know something of the inhabitants.

"They have hearts of gold and wills of iron," said my friend. "Many a touching and noble instance of generosity and self-denial have I met with amongst them. And, for example, look at this man approaching us."

He was a fine-looking fellow, of five or six and twenty, with a military air, and dressed in uniform. The lower part of his face was very handsome, and his dark sun-burnt complexion suited well with the long mustaches. I could not see his eyes, for the visor of his cap was drawn down so as completely to shade them from the light. Having exchanged a cordial salutation with the curate, he passed on, followed by a huge white dog, with thick fur and enormous paws. The animal belonged to a breed peculiar to the Pyrenees, and remarkable for their sagacity and faithfulness.

"Now," said my companion, as soon as the soldier had passed out of hearing, "while we walk along I will tell you a true story, of which you have just seen two of the principal characters."

I prepared to listen with attention, and the curate commenced.

Juan Trigoyen was born in the heart of these mountains, where the peasant has his choice of following one of two occupations—that of a shepherd, or a hunter. Juan chose the latter, as his father had done before him; and a hazardous pursuit it is. Not merely has the mountain-hunter to scale all but inaccessible precipices, and to brave the fury of famished bears and wolves, but he is constantly exposed to be swept away by a torrent, or buried beneath an avalanche. To this latter peril Juan's father had fallen a victim. Crushed beneath a mass of snow, he perished, leaving his son no other heritage than his dog, his gun, and his grandmother Gertrude, an aged woman, unequal to the task of supporting herself. Juan, at this time a fine lad of eighteen, loved his grandmother tenderly; she had always supplied to him the place of his mother, who had died in giving him birth, and he now, with a courage and resolution beyond his years, undertook the sole charge of their maintenance. He had been early trained to the chase, and success now crowned his efforts. The number of izards, eagles, and bears struck down by his hand, testified the sureness of his foot and the certainty of his aim.

Thanks to the value of these spoils, Gertrude knew no privation; but she trembled for the safety of her beloved child, and often said to him, with tears in her eyes: "Stay at home to-day, Juan; you will

perish some time or other, like your poor father; and what should I do left alone, without any one to love in the world?"

Then the lad would answer: "Calm yourself, mother; Providence will watch over me for your sake."

Thus did Juan work hard during the week for his own and his parent's support, and on Sunday I loved to see them entering my little church; Gertrude leaning on the arm of her handsome boy, and both joining in the prayers with the utmost devotion.

Two years passed on, and Juan was returning one day from Bagnères, whither he had gone to dispose of some game. It was winter, and the north wind grew piercingly cold; but the young hunter stepped on briskly, whistling a lively tune. Suddenly a cry of distress struck his ear, but he knew not whence it came.

"On, Cæsar!" he cried, trusting to his dog's sagacity; "seek it out, boy!"

The docile creature set off in the direction of a thick pine grove, and his master followed; the cries became louder, and Juan recognized the voice of a female in distress. He redoubled his speed, still preceded by the dog. At length he reached an open space, and there was Cæsar struggling with a wolf, while on the ground lay a woman, with a huge she-wolf in the act of fastening on her neck. With a shout Juan rushed forward, and at the sound the fierce creature raised her head, and fixed on him two eyeballs glowing with rage and hunger. Without a moment's hesitation, the intrepid hunter seized her by the throat with one hand, and thrusting the other into her mouth, grasped her tongue, and dragged it as with an iron vice. After a fearful struggle, he succeeded in dashing the strangled beast on the ground. This done, Juan looked round to see if his faithful ally had need of assistance. No; *his* antagonist also lay dead, and the hunter had time to attend to the woman, who lay motionless on the ground, having fainted from excess of terror. Her deliverer raised her gently in his arms, put back the rich brown hair that had fallen over her face, and perceived that she was a young and very lovely girl. Taking a handful of the snow which lay on the ground, he rubbed it on her temples, and then succeeded in putting some small bits of ice into her mouth. By degrees she revived, her eyelids unclosed, and she drew a deep sigh.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Safe with a friend."

"It was you, then, who saved me?"

"Rather it was Providence, who was pleased to employ my hand."

She thanked him with a look far more eloquent than words; and then with confiding simplicity, as she still felt weak, asked him to let her lean on his arm as far as her home. "I was going to the town," she said, "to sell some milk, when those dreadful wolves attacked me, upset my pitcher, and, but for your timely aid and that of your good dog, would surely have devoured me."

The conversation thus commenced did not flag. Juan soon learned that Marguerite lived in the hamlet of Campan; that she was an orphan, and had no property

save a small cottage, one cow, and some hens. She managed to support herself with the profits of these animals and of her spinning. Her perfect candor and her innocent beauty charmed the honest heart of Juan; he thought that, were he possessed of all the treasures in the world, he would like to lay them at Marguerite's feet. On entering the village, the news of their adventure spread quickly; and it was easy to see, by the consequent excitement, how much the young girl was beloved by her neighbors. Both young and old rushed forth to meet her; Juan was overwhelmed with thanks and praises; nor was poor Cæsar by any means forgotten.

"Adieu, Marguerite," said Juan, when he had accompanied her to her cottage-door. "May I sometimes come to see you?"

"To whom should my door be open, if not to my deliverer?" said the young girl innocently, at the same time extending her hand to Juan. He pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

When he reached home, he found Gertrude very uneasy at his prolonged absence. "Oh, my child!" she cried, "where have you been, and what are those stains of blood on your dress?"

Juan smiled. "Don't be uneasy, mother; this blood is not mine, but that of an enemy I killed." And he told her all that had occurred, not concealing the feelings of admiration and love which he felt for her whom he had rescued.

"Thank God, my child," said the old woman, "that your choice has fallen on so worthy an object. I have often heard the beauty and virtuous industry of Marguerite commended. She is called by her neighbors the Pearl of Campan."

It never occurred to the affectionate grandmother, that the fair girl in question could possibly be insensible to the attractions of *her* boy; and, indeed, the event proved that she was not far wrong. Marguerite was of too innocent and frank a nature to play the coquette with him who had risked his life for hers, and the preliminaries for their marriage were speedily arranged.

On the morning preceding that on which their bans were to be published, the sound of a drum was heard in the peaceful Valley of Campan; and the prefect of the district proclaimed the drawing of conscripts for the army. Poor Juan! his was amongst the first of the selected names, and at the moment the shock nearly stunned him. However, he had been taught not to shrink from his duty, and having calmly made the needful preparations, he drew his betrothed aside, and said: "Listen to me, Marguerite. You promised to be mine; I am going away for some years, perhaps forever; it is right that you should be free—I give you back your vow."

"And I," said the girl, "will not take it back. Whether our next meeting, Juan, will be here or in that better world to which, I trust, we are both looking, I will never marry any one but you."

The young man pressed her hand in silence. "But my mother!" he said at length, while two unwonted tears rolled down his cheeks; "she is old, infirm, unable to work for her support"—

"Your mother, Juan," interrupted Marguerite, "is she not

henceforth mine? So long as God gives me strength to work, *our* mother shall not want a home."

And so, with mutual blessings and fond tears, they parted.

Cæsar followed his master to the wars, and Gertrude, on the day of Juan's departure, took up her abode in Marguerite's cottage. The old woman managed the domestic affairs, while the young one carried her milk, butter, eggs, and poultry to market. In the evenings, as they both sat at their spinning-wheels, their conversation naturally turned on Juan: "Where is he now?—what is he doing while we are speaking of him?" Sometimes their anxiety was assuaged by the arrival of a letter, filled with hope and tenderness; but at length one came which increased their sorrow. It bore the stamp of Algeria. Juan announced that his regiment had just landed in Africa, and was immediately to march on the town of Zaatcha, where a number of insurgent Arabs had intrenched themselves. Some sharp fighting was expected, as the rebels were known to be desperate. Under this afflicting intelligence, the two women found their only consolation in religion—in committing their dear one to the care of God. Every day, on her way to the town, Marguerite was accustomed to pause for a few minutes at the spot where she had first met her betrothed, and where, during the happy days of their courtship, he had raised a rustic seat; she used to kneel beside that simple memento, and pray fervently, nor did she ever arise and go on her way without feeling strengthened and encouraged.

Every evening, on her return, her first question to Gertrude was: "Has Juan written?" And the old woman would silently shake her head with a despairing gesture, which seemed to imply: "Juan will never write to us again!"

One day, as Marguerite was returning from Bagnères, she was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. There was no place of refuge nearer than her own cottage; and with her garments dripping, and her eyes nearly blinded by the driving rain, she hastened towards it. What did she see? A blazing lightning-stricken pile, surrounded by a terrified crowd of villagers.

"Mother!" cried Marguerite, darting onwards, "where are you?"

A cry of agony from within the burning cottage was the reply.

"Mother, courage! I'll save, or die with you!" And before the astounded spectators could detain her, she rushed through the flames. A minute, which seemed an age of agonizing suspense, elapsed, and Marguerite reappeared, dragging forth her pious burden, and forming with her own body a rampart against the flames. Scarcely had she allowed the old woman to fall into some of the arms ready to receive her, when the heroic girl sunk down herself inanimate.

"When she opened her eyes," continued the curate, "she was in an apartment in my house, whither I had caused her to be carried. Gertrude and I had watched for three days and three nights by her bed, awaiting the moment of returning consciousness. Her first sensation was that of torturing pain in her face. She raised her hand to it, and felt that it was so enveloped in bandages as to leave only the mouth

and eyes free. A cry escaped her lips. "Oh, I remember the storm —the flames; I am disfigured for life—is it not so?"

Gertrude and I were silent. It was but too true; the devouring element, leaving her body, protected by her wet clothes, untouched, had seized on her face. The beauty of feature and delicacy of complexion, which had procured for her her graceful sobriquet, were totally destroyed.

Until the bandages were removed, which the surgeon did not as yet judge it prudent to do, he could not tell the extent of the disfigurement, but that it would be very great was certain. Our silence, and the tears which we could not repress, acquainted the poor child with her misfortune. She raised her eyes to heaven with a touching expression of resignation. "It is Thy will, my God," she said, "but let not Juan see me thus."

"Juan!" repeated Gertrude; "we shall soon embrace him."

"Is he coming?"

"In ten days—see yourself." She handed a letter to Marguerite, which the latter read with eagerness. It was written by the hand of one of his comrades, and informed them that Juan, who had received a severe wound at the siege of Zaatcha, was now convalescent in hospital; had obtained, as a reward for his services, a cross of merit, his discharge, and pension, and would be with them in ten or twelve days at furthest.

Having finished reading the letter, Marguerite fell into a profound reverie, from which neither Gertrude's fond caresses nor my attempts at consolation could arouse her. "Oh, sir," said she at last, "it is not, indeed it is not for its own sake that I value beauty, but —but how can Juan love me when he sees me in this state?" At that moment the surgeon entered, and having felt his patient's pulse, he began silently to remove the bandages. As soon as Marguerite felt that her wounds were exposed, she asked for a mirror.

"Not yet, my child; not to-day," said the doctor. She tried to raise her hands to feel her face. "Hold her arms down," cried the surgeon to the old woman and myself. We did so, involuntary turning away our eyes from the sight of those swollen and mutilated features, once so lovely.

Marguerite saw and understood our movement. "Is it not so, sir?" she said to me calmly; "will it not be impossible for him to love me?"

Nine days passed on; the wounds were regularly dressed, and were now nearly cicatrized. The tenth day was that of Juan's expected return; but no one ventured to speak of it. Early in the morning, Marguerite rose, and prepared to go out, saying that a walk in the fresh air would do her good. I offered to accompany her.

"No, thank you, sir," she said; "my good mother alone will come with me." And with one hand slightly leaning on Gertrude's arm, while the other held a small package, she went out. They walked towards Juan's rustic seat, but very slowly, for the convalescent was yet very weak.

Arrived there, she knelt down, and after a short silent prayer she turned to Gertrude, and embracing her said: "Bless your daughter,

dear mother, for the last time: you will never see her again."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"The truth. I am going away. You will say good-by for me to him, mother; and tell him that it is my very love for him that forces me to fly."

"But, dear one," said Gertrude, detaining her, "you wrong our Juan; he has a noble heart, and he will love you all the better for these noble scars, when he hears that it was in saving me from a dreadful death you received them."

"He has a noble heart," replied the girl; "and I know that he would marry me, and try to make me happy; but how could I endure his averted looks—his sorrow? No, no; I shall suffer much less in suffering alone."

Just then, a well-known bark was heard, and a large white dog rushed out of the woody path. "Cæsar," cried Gertrude. "Where is your master?"

"Here he is," replied an agitated voice; and holding one end of a cord, of which the other was fastened to Cæsar's collar, a soldier appeared. "Mother! are you here? Where is Marguerite? Why don't you come and embrace your poor blind wanderer?"

"Blind!" exclaimed Marguerite; and fixing her eyes on her betrothed, she saw that his were covered with a bandage. I cannot describe the emotions of all three; suffice it to say, that after an incredible number of embraces, Gertrude and her two children returned to my house, and we passed a delightful evening.

Here the curate stopped, and I thought his tale was ended.

"Well," I said, "I suppose the blind warrior and his betrothed—still, in his imagination, blooming in all her youthful charms—were speedily united?"

"They were," he replied. "It was I who married them; but I have somewhat more to tell you of them. Their cottage, by the willing aid of all the villagers, was soon rebuilt, and they removed into it. Their circumstances were very comfortable, and Juan supported his infirmity—caused, he told me, by the explosion of a mine—with the utmost cheerfulness. His tenderness for his wife seemed to increase every day; and yet she was evidently not happy. She became a prey to constant melancholy, and her health and strength visibly declined. Her old friend, the doctor, visited and prescribed for her, but without avail."

"My art is at fault," he said to me. "Her body suffers, but the seat of the disease is her mind. Do you try to discover what the secret which weighs on her may be, or I cannot answer for her life."

Alas! how could I apply the consolations of religion to a case of which the sufferer persisted in keeping me profoundly ignorant? Once she seemed on the point of opening her mind, but Juan entered the room, and she was silent; nor could I ever afterwards induce her to speak freely. Meantime her bodily condition became very precarious; and Juan, who was now aware of her danger, scarcely ever stirred from her bedside. Old Gertrude, as you may suppose, was scarcely less anxious about her.

One evening, when I was in the cottage, the doctor arrived; and

having examined his patient, pronounced that unless some powerful reaction took place she could not long survive. How solemn were the moments that succeeded this announcement! Poor Juan grasped convulsively the hand of his wife, while large tears streamed from beneath his bandage.

I began to exhort her on the subject of religion; and when I spoke of the mercy of her Maker, she exclaimed: "Oh, I have great need of mercy, for my conscience is burdened with a heavy load. Listen," she continued, addressing us all, "and tell me whether I can hope for forgiveness."

Grouped around her bed, we waited in silent astonishment. Marguerite had raised herself into a sitting posture; her wasted arms, her disordered hair, her sunken features, her hollow eyes, gleaming with a light like that of a lamp kindling up before it is extinguished forever, lent an air of indescribable solemnity to the scene. Placing her hand in her husband's, she said: "Juan, you remember, when we separated, the promise which we made of mutual fidelity? My heart was yours, and yours was mine. Well, the terror of losing that heart caused me to commit a grievous sin. I pictured you to myself with shocked, averted looks at the first sight of her who was once named the Pearl; and in the agony, the delirium of the moment, I cried to Heaven: 'Oh, God! either give me back my beauty, or take from him his eyesight!' The moment the selfish, impious prayer was uttered, I bitterly repented, and would fain have recalled it; but too late, Juan! the wish was granted, and I have never known since one moment's happiness."

"What," cried her husband, "and is this the secret, Marguerite, which is killing you?"

"It is."

"Then live, dearest, and be happy; your prayer was *not* answered."

And tearing off the bandage which covered his eyes, he fell on his wife's bosom, and clasped her in a long embrace.

It appeared that the blindness which had fallen on Juan was of only a temporary nature. Under the skilful treatment of our friend the surgeon, whom he privately consulted, the power of vision began slowly but surely to return. Having, however, heard from his grandmother the whole history of Marguerite's horror at the idea of his beholding her disfigured face, he generously determined to conceal from her his cure, at least for a time. Now, however, it was suddenly revealed; and was it too late? The doctor, motioning us all away from the bed, took his patient's hand, and felt her pulse; a hopeful smile played on his benevolent lips.

"My friend," said he, turning to me, "the age of miracles has not ceased—Marguerite is cured?"

Here the good man ceased, and after a pause, I asked: "And was Marguerite in reality so very much disfigured?"

"You shall judge for yourself."

We walked on, and soon reached a neat and pretty cottage, covered in front with a luxuriant vine. An old woman sat near the doorway spining, and placed on a low chair by her side, a young woman was

nursing an infant. Her figure was remarkably graceful, and her face, although certainly not handsome, was by no means repulsive. It was even easy to distinguish, amid the seams and scars which marked it, the vestiges of great beauty. There was a touching expression of serene tenderness shed over her features, as she looked on her child, which in my eyes amply compensated for the want of regular comeliness.

The curate advanced. "Good-morning, Marguerite," he said.

"Good-morning, sir," she answered, looking up with a beaming smile.

"How is baby to-day?"

"As well as possible," said the happy mother, holding up, and showing her nursling's rosy dimpled cheeks.

"Well, Marguerite," said the good old man, taking the innocent little creature in his arms, and kissing its tender forehead, "I could fancy this is yourself as I remember you on the day that I baptized you. Come, the Valley of Campan has not lost its Pearl, it is restored in the person of your lovely little daughter."

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS REMEDY.

SECOND PAPER.

In our last article we viewed Spiritism in its origin, spread, and work. We now proceed to examine its teaching and influence, which are directly opposed to the well-being of society, and to morality and religion. Justice and logic require us to substantiate this charge by the testimony and declarations of Spiritualists themselves.

The political attitude assumed by Spiritism has never received that attention which its revolutionary character demands. "Let us assume," says the *Spiritual Age*, "a political attitude, and make the world feel that we are no longer to be trampled upon with impunity. Our design is to crush, destroy, and break in pieces all existing forms of government, and build a form which shall be a theocratic democracy. Every man will be his own ruler, and his natural demands his highest law." Whilst this sounds like the ravings of a madman, it is significant as illustrative of the spirit of destruction and anarchy that has possession of Spiritualism. The demand that "Every man shall be his own ruler," evidences the authorship of that tempter, who, of old, promised that his dupes should be as gods. "It is hardly to be supposed," says an article published in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, under the head "Practical Spiritualism," "that an enterprise so startling to the world as the Spiritual movement would have for its grand end anything like the presentation of mere phenomenal exhibitions. The great purpose is of a much broader nature, and of a

more thoroughly practical spirit. Spiritualism is the mother of all institutions for external uses; therefore the mother of the States, and in the combination takes the place of the union of Church and State. It is the purpose of Spiritualism to so educate a class of persons in certain practical functions that they shall become pivots of groups in the coming new social order." Again: "The next government which shall arise over this people, and which is even now drawing nigh from out the angel world, will be a theocratic government—God ruling through mediumistic man. And then as Spiritualism and Celestialism march over the land, the master souls, once denizens of time, will influence men's acts; the Spiritual Congress above will guide in all wisdom and truth the councils assembled here below."

This governmental theory is also unfolded in other spiritualistic writings. In searching for the cause of the preference given to a "theocratic democracy," we are met by the examples in ancient paganism of supernatural interference in the affairs of state. That this interference proceeded from the infernal powers no Christian scholar questions. The oracles of Delphi and of Dodona were consulted by kings and states before a political movement of any magnitude was undertaken. Through these oracles Satan ruled heathendom; and though the ambiguity which frequently surrounded them is regarded by some as proof of their human invention, there is no doubt that, in most instances, these oracles bore striking evidence of supernatural cunning and skill. Modern Spiritualism wishes a political instrument of this kind,—a government ruled supernaturally; and in its demand reveals another affinity with the diabolism of antiquity. What this government will effect is described by a noted Spiritualist at a meeting held in Abington, Massachusetts: "The time is speedily coming when every one who has opposed, scorned, reviled, and persecuted Spiritual Communion will be brought to the altar of sacrifice; will suffer sorrow, regret, affliction. It will be a bitter cup, but a necessary remedy for the present sickly morals and religions of men. It is in the power of the spiritual world to make any poor man rich in one day; to make any rich man poor in one day; to make a well man sick in a moment of time, or to make a sick man well; to take life or to continue it; to make woe in the human heart, or joy and gladness there. Imminent and immediate dangers to earthly prosperity hang over all opposition to Spiritual Communion."

Were these extravagant claims confined to writing we might pass them over with a smile of pity at the fanaticism they show, and the principles they disclose. But every judge and lawyer who has had dealings with Spiritualists, knows that they believe in the subjection of the state to Spiritism, and that, at the bidding of a medium, they perjure themselves in court, violate contracts, and defy the law. Here then is a spirit arrayed against society, and striking at its foundations. Can it be good? Can it be of Him whose inspired Apostle has enjoined submission to the higher powers, not only for fear, but also

for conscience' sake? Is there not, on the contrary, every indication of the influence of those infernal powers whose mission is to spread desolation, disorganize society, and draw the human family into ruin, both temporal and eternal?

One of the tests which most quickly reveals religious error is what may be called the political test. There can be no radical antagonism between true religion and just and true civil government, for God is the author of both. Between religion and the cardinal principles of government there can be absolutely no discordance or warfare. When a creed counsels the abrogation of all civil government; when it denies its authority as such; when it scouts its just laws, error, delusion, and fanaticism are at work. If in this attempt to overthrow legitimate civil government, the creed claims a supernatural warrant, we are to conclude that its supernatural author is Satan; for our knowledge of God, were it limited to the dispassionate dictates of our nature, were it only the teachings of conscience, precludes the notion that He could counsel or sanction the destruction of all civil government, the introduction of civil war, and all the other calamities that the abolition of the political institute would bring on mankind. To this destructive course Spiritualism is pledged.

Not only are society and government threatened, but religion also is to be extirpated. Spiritualism rejects the divine authority of the Scriptures, and characterizes their doctrinal and moral teachings as puerile. Sin, according to it, is "only the casting off of the gross part of human nature, and is strictly in accordance with the will and pleasure of God." Christ is thus ignored: "No person should rely upon any Saviour outside himself. Each and every man is a Saviour, a God. Christ is no more the Son of God than was John Howard or George Washington." The Devil is derided as a figment of a maniac's brain, for the author of Spiritualism has taken care to conceal his identity, and in every way to strengthen disbelief in his existence. But stranger, more horrible than all, Spiritualism denies the existence of God. "What a soul-crushing superstition," exclaims the *Age of Freedom*, "is this idea of an overruling, omnipresent, all-powerful God! Belief in a God is degrading, whatever the character ascribed to him. Where is your God? I can stand up and look him in the face, and affirm that I have a right to 'life, liberty, and happiness,' whether it is his pleasure that I shall enjoy them or not." This point about Spiritism conclusively settles its character. The origin of all morality, the abutment of all order, the force of all oaths and contracts, the great bond of society and law, the source of every good, is faith in the existence of a Supreme Being. If, by an impossible hypothesis, the idea of God could be obliterated from the minds of men, the consequences and effects are simply inconceivable. Spiritualism rejects God, blasphemes Him, and attempts to blot out His remembrance and presence from the world. Is this the religion which is destined to perfect mankind? Can it come from him whose very existence it openly denies, whose attributes it

blasphemes, whose power it sets at defiance? Yet it claims to be, and assuredly is, supernatural. Its supernaturalism then is from below.

Denying God, Spiritualism, as a consequence, must deny His law. We do not wonder, therefore, that justifies immorality and defends sensuality. At a national convention which Spiritualists held a few years back at Chicago, it was provided "that no charge should ever be entertained against any member, and that any person, without regard to moral character, might be a member." For other illustrations of the spiritualistic code of morality, the *Banner of Light* may be referred to. Its report of a speech delivered by a female spiritualist before the Rutland Convention contains the following: "Woman must demand her freedom, her right to receive the equal wages of man in payment for her labor, her right to have children when she will and by whom she will," &c. The author of the *Educator* was directed by the spirits to become the father of all illegitimate children. This shocking violation of morality, sanctioned by the spirits, is thus justified by the *Spiritual Telegraph:* "It is reserved for this, our day, under the inspiration of the spirit world, for a quiet, equable, retiring woman to rise up in the dignity of her womanhood, and declare in the face of her oppressors and a scowling world, 'I will be free.' And no man or set of men, no church, no state, shall withhold from me the realization of that purest of aspirations, inherent in every true woman, the right to rebeget myself, when, and by whom, and under such circumstances as to me seems fit and best."

The *Detroit Free Press* published some years ago a letter written to it by the wife of the spiritualist who founded Free Loveism in this country. An extract runs: "My husband has been a believer in the free-love doctrine for about three years. A year ago or more he left home, ostensibly upon business, but he only roamed around in search of free-love companions; having found a small number of which, he took them to Berlin, Ohio, and founded the infamous den of lust which now exists there. He left me with three little children to provide for, and nothing to do it with but my hands. I have stood for four days in the week over the wash-tub, laboring until my strength has many a time given way entirely, for the sake of a little money with which to feed my children." This is a picture of a home desolated by Spiritualism!

Another illustration of the morality taught by it and we have done. The following is a statement published by Dr. Hatch, the husband of the noted Cora V. Hatch, afterwards Mrs. Daniels: "I have known many whose integrity of character and uprightness of purpose rendered them worthy examples to all around, but who, on becoming mediums, and giving up their individuality, also gave up every sense of honor and decency. Iniquities which have justly received the condemnation of centuries are openly upheld; vices which would destroy every wholesome regulation of society are crowned as virtues; prostitution is believed to be fidelity to self; marriage an outrage upon freedom. . . I most solemnly affirm that I do not believe that there has, during the

past five hundred years, arisen any class of people who were guilty of so great a variety of crimes and indecencies as the Spiritualists of America."

Thus is Spiritualism arrayed against society and religion. Can it originate from any good source? Is not the assertion that the spirits who hold communion with the living are departed friends—a mother, sister, father—is not such a statement a palpable lie? No human being, acting from himself, could counsel the practices, or proclaim the teachings, which Spiritualism blushes not to counsel and practice. Nature shrinks from the formal, deliberate, boastful approval of crimes and of doctrines that dishonor and debase itself. "For seven years," writes a reformed Spiritualist, the well-known Dr. P. B. Randolph, "I held daily intercourse with what purported to be my mother's spirit. I am now firmly persuaded that it was nothing but an evil spirit, an infernal demon, who, in that guise, gained my soul's confidence, and led me to the very brink of ruin." "Five of my friends," he continues, "destroyed themselves, and I once attempted it by direct spiritual influence. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortals moved by these viewless beings! Adultery, fornication, suicides, desertions, unjust divorces, abortion, insanity—I charge all these upon them!" In view of these appalling facts, is it not idle to ask if there can be anything save unmitigated evil in Spiritualism? Can there be a doubt of the personal agency, temptation, and powers of the evil one, in complete and unobstructed working, in the "darkened circle?"

The flimsy pretext with which Satan strives to cover his work, is, by himself, torn aside. No "departed spirit of a blessed mother" could counsel her son to commit suicide, perpetrate revolting crimes, or request him to wreck his own happiness. The spirits in the circle are devils, not men. No soul can return to earth on an errand without explaining its object, and accounting in some way for its presence. God would connive at a lie if He permitted the evil one to work miracles, utter prophecies, or perform prodigies that could not be recognized as infernal. He has not permitted the Devil to prove even to the Spiritualists the identity of any human spirit. No satisfactory evidence is given in proof of the assertion that the spirit is really what it purports to be. The simple assertion is all that is vouchsafed. Now it is admitted by Spiritualists themselves, Miss Hardinge among the number, that many of the spirits have been detected in "reckless and unmistakable lies;" that "latent evil tendencies are not unfrequently matured;" that "tricky spirits" amuse themselves, in deceiving and hoodwinking mediums; and that "vicious proclivities, particularly of deceit, are perceived in ugly prominence" in many of the "angel band." If it is confessed that the spirits may and do deceive, what belief can be attached to any of their communications, what confidence can be reposed in any of their assertions? From whatever point we view it, Spiritualism thus confronts us as the work and effect of Satan.

Now for the remedy. Who or what can exorcise this spirit? Who except Him that came "to destroy the works of the Devil?" Christ, in His Church, is the mighty Exorcist, the "stronger man who will take away the armor in which the enemy trusts, and who will distribute the spoils." Before the light of the Catholic faith, brightening day by day, over this land, the shadows of Spiritualism will vanish. The Church possesses power over the demons. In her presence they are troubled. They flee before her face. In proportion as she extends her influence that of the demon is lessened. On her altars, He reposes who of old delivered all that were possessed; whose coming into the world broke down the Egyptian idols, and banished Apollo from his shrine. Through His baptism, the soul is freed. His sacraments strengthen men for the contest against the powers of darkness. But His Faith above all is the shield which saves us from the darts of the most evil one. The Church is the only power that can withdraw the unfortunate victims of Spiritualism from the dread fascination of Satan, and place them, "clothed and in their right mind," at the feet of Christ.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Part II.—Chapter XI.

Solitude did not tend to dispel the bitter thoughts continually crowding on Honorine's mind; most painful among torturing reflections was the idea, that not a single being in existence now took the slightest interest in her welfare.

Whilst indulging in this and other equally discouraging meditations, Nannette handed her an immense bundle of various accounts from different tradesmen, who required to know whether there was any chance of their being soon paid, or whether they should be obliged to wait till the house and furniture were sold. Honorine had not yet reflected on the necessity of this step, still, perhaps, doubting the possibility of such utter ruin. It was only on viewing her position in its true light, that she understood clearly the sacrifices she should be prepared to meet. There was one account amongst them which justly surprised Honorine. It was from the cabinet maker who had supplied the greater part of the superb furniture, which Mr. Blamont had purchased and selected, but paid for only in part; the man feeling perfectly secure, had waited patiently, till it should suit the banker's convenience to settle the balance, which amounted to a very considerable sum. He was now Honorine's heaviest creditor, and the circumstance took her completely by surprise. She at once

sent for him to have an explanation. Mr. Devany came quickly; fortunately, he was an honest man, who, though watchful of his own interests, never failed in consideration for those of others. He saw clearly, that in this instance Miss Mason had been doubly victimized by her faithless guardian, and at once offered to take back as many of the articles he had furnished as would pay the debt, and also to allow the original price for them, as they were still quite as good as on leaving his warerooms. His upright conduct inspired Honorine with confidence; desolate as she was, she required advice, and applied for it to Mr. Devany, requesting he would superintend the sale of her house and remaining furniture, so as to enable her to pay all her debts. He unhesitatingly promised to do so, and also to render her any other service in his power.

A short time since nothing could have induced the elegant Miss Mason to hold familiar conversation with a cabinet maker, and now she is compelled to own herself indebted to a person in that position for the first real consolation she had felt since her misfortunes; she was surprised at the effect produced by his kindness, and the confidence inspired by his promises. It would be impossible to form an idea of the comfort she derived from the first words of kindness addressed to her since her reverse, unless, like her, we had been spurned and rejected by all whom we loved and trusted. This consoling train of thought was again disturbed by Jeannette, who, perceiving the desperate state of her mistress's affairs, and convinced the latter had now no chance of becoming Baroness Florval, determined on leaving while she could do so without loss. She asked at once for her discharge, her wages, and the payment of various sums laid out during Honorine's illness.

Honorine was thunderstruck, but concealing her vexation, calmly said she should take a little time to look over the account. The spelling, however, was so extraordinary, that she could make out nothing but the amount at foot, and was quite at a loss to understand how such an enormous sum could have been expended during an illness in which nature had been allowed to act almost unaided. Unwilling, however, to argue the point with the heartless woman, she opened a drawer in her desk to get the sum demanded. To her surprise, it was empty! Careless and thoughtless as she was, she felt perfectly certain that there should have been a considerable sum in it, as, a few days previously to Mr. Blamont's bankruptcy, she received from him 10,000 francs, to make the necessary preparations for her intended marriage. This drawer was fastened by a private spring, the secret of which was known only to herself and Mrs. Montfort. It was impossible to avoid suspecting the latter; her previous acts certainly, in a great measure, justified the suspicion; but as there were no proofs of the fact, Honorine had silently to endure this additional trial. Her situation was now truly distressing, her whole stock of ready money amounting only to five gold pieces, which the claims of Nannette would more than absorb. In this dilemma Honorine had again

recourse to Mr. Devany. She begged he would speedily dispose of some of her jewelry, that she might at once discharge her ungrateful servant. The good-natured man complied with her wish, and also sent her a country girl, who, being used only to plain fare and hard work, would, he thought, be well suited for Miss Mason's present circumstances. She thanked him, and at once hired the girl, secretly hoping that her new servant might become more attached to her than those who had served her in her affluence. She then looked out for a plain lodging, where she might devote herself to study, and live in a style corresponding with her present means. She also selected such articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, and disposed of the rest, as well as of all her jewelry, to pay her creditors. Honorine had not yet left her house, and was engaged with these arrangements, when she was told that some members of a family with whom she had been very intimate, had called to visit. Her heart thrilled at the thought of at length hearing the language of affection, and though she could not help feeling that her visitors had been tardy in their manifestations of kindness, she hurried joyfully to the drawing-room to meet them. Instead, however, of their usual friendly greeting, they accosted her with chilling, studied politeness, saying they had only called to inquire the price of some furniture and other valuable articles, of which, they heard, she was about disposing. Honorine's pride was so deeply wounded that she was unable to maintain even the appearance of dignified calmness, and dreading a repetition of such visits, she gave positive orders to admit no one except Mr. Devany. She was not again intruded on, for though several of her acquaintances called to ascertain when the carriages and furniture were to be sold, none troubled themselves about their owner.

"Alas!" exclaimed Honorine in her anguish, "these, then, are the persons whom I welcomed, and whom I was foolish enough to call my friends."

Some hours after this short soliloquy, which had suggested more sensible reflections than she had ever made in her previous life, she was handed the following letter, which came, without any doubt, from a true friend:

"My dear Honorine:

"I have been sadly disappointed at the failure of all my efforts to see you; it would have afforded me so much pleasure to congratulate you on your recovery. My regret at your not being able to see me to-day is the greater, as to-morrow I start with my husband for Italy. Though great the distance that may separate us, rest assured I shall not be the less anxious about everything concerning you, and should you ever feel the want of a friend, remember you have a sincere one in

"Louisa Belmour,
formerly Grenville."

Honorine read this letter several times; she could hardly believe her eyes; she weighed every sentence, but could come to no conclusion, except that each bore incontestable evidence of affection and benevolence. "This, then," she said, "is

the being whom I despised and hated. Can it be possible that, even while I was acting unjustly and unkindly to her, she wished me well, and even loved me? Ah! I remember but too distinctly what she said to me some years since, and how displeased I was with her in consequence. Prophetic words! how fully have they been realized! How painfully have I been taught that riches and beauty are sometimes fatal gifts! When she made the remark, no doubt she adverted to her own mother, by whose sad experience she wished me to profit; and I, foolishly thinking she intended to insult me, rejected the amiable girl's advances, and harshly and rudely refused her friendship when we might mutually have served each other: my wealth might have been useful to her, while her good sense would have taught me to know my faults, and her virtuous example would have stimulated me to correct them. I should be ashamed to see her; having shunned her in prosperity, I cannot meet her in adversity. Honorine threw the letter into the desk, as if to efface the receipt from her memory; but before the day closed, her remorse was again awakened. A few moments later she received another letter, bearing this time the Lyons postmark. She felt sure it must be from Mrs. Blundell; yet, what could a person from whom, in the days of prosperity, she had received only cold advice, have to say in her present circumstance? Conscience whispered that had she listened to that advice, and not refused to see her mother's old and dear friend, she would not now, perhaps, be so unhappy. Quite certain she was going to peruse an unpleasant lecture, and fully expecting a series of reproaches, Honorine made up her mind to submit to the new ordeal, and read as follows:

"My dear Honorine:

"You will, I trust, pardon my apparent neglect, when assured that I have only just heard of your dangerous illness, and other severe trials. Were it not that I am occupied in attending my only and beloved son, whose illness is of such a nature as to excite painful anxiety, I should at once go to you, and do all I could to cheer and console you. You can easily understand, my beloved Honorine, how impossible it is under such circumstances to leave my cherished child. You cannot, however, I imagine, have any ties or duties to detain you in Paris; come then, dear orphan of my loved Lucy, come to me as soon as possible; my arms are ready to receive you; my heart throbs with impatience for our long-wished-for meeting. Let my house be yours; should my son be spared, your society will add to my happiness; and if I am to lose him, you will soothe my grief, and be as a daughter to me. The Abbé des Roches, my son's tutor, having heard of his illness, came instantly to attend to him. He leaves this to-morrow for Paris, for the purpose of bringing you here, therefore within a few days I expect you both. Every moment appears an age till I embrace you!" . . . .

"Can it be," exclaimed Honorine, tears streaming down her cheeks, "that it is my misfortunes which have produced so great a change in Mrs. Blundell's senti-

ments? This letter breathes the purest and kindest affections; it was not thus that she used to write to Mrs. Montfort. But may not that correspondence have been misrepresented, and in this, as in other matters, have I not, perhaps, been the victim of Mrs. Montfort's schemes?"

A suspicion of the truth flashed on her mind; the more she thought over past events, the more firmly was she convinced of Mrs. Montfort's duplicity, and then revolving in her mind all the particulars of that lady's conduct, from the time she entered her establishment up to their last interview, she could no longer mistake the motives which had influenced her hateful conduct. She now, for the first time, viewed the idols she had worshipped in their proper light, and understood how much happiness she had lost, and how just were the punishments inflicted on her by Divine Providence. But though Honorine at last admitted her faults, and though her mind was a good deal enlightened, she was not yet entirely changed. Her predominant passions of self-love and pride were far from being completely subdued, and to extenuate her own guilt, she attributed her faults to the odious Mrs. Montfort. "I have been following a wrong path," she said, "but it is too late to retrace my steps. The greater my error, the less capable do I feel of humbling myself before those whom I have offended. Were I now to avail myself of their kindness, they might doubt my sincerity, and attribute my repentance to my present destitution." This false shame checked the better feelings of her heart, and Mrs. Blundell's letter was placed with Mrs. Belmour's.

Chapter XII.

Having made up her mind to support herself, rather than accept her friend's generous offer, Honorine hastened to change her residence, so as to baffle the inquiries of the Abbé des Roches. Her preparations were being made; she hired a small lodging in the Rue Picpus, Faubourg St. Antoine, hoping to avoid meeting any of her acquaintance by settling at a distance from their residences, and from the centre of Paris. She would have preferred quitting that city, but that as it had now become a necessity to work for her livelihood, she knew not how to find means of doing so elsewhere. She hastily selected from among some articles of plain furniture, which had belonged to her parents, and had been thrown in a garret as unsuited for fashionably furnished apartments, such as she considered absolutely necessary for her new abode, in which she was quickly installed, having first requested Mr. Devany not to let anything induce him to make known her address.

Her depression was naturally deep and painful on the first evening she passed in this small apartment, which presented so striking a contrast to the splendid mansion she had just quitted. A bedstead without curtains, some straw chairs, a few old-fashioned articles of dark mahogany, the whole illuminated by one small candle instead of a handsome lamp. Oh! it will require time to become accustomed to such a change. Honorine thought it best not to dwell too

long on her melancholy situation, and therefore busied herself in examining the contents of a small chest of drawers, bearing a plate marked with her mother's name. She found great difficulty in opening it, as both the lock, and the key, which was still inserted in it, had become rusty. She was deeply affected at finding several little articles, such as an ink-bottle, seals, &c., which she distinctly remembered having frequently seen in her mother's hands. A small box contained all Mr. and Mrs. Blundell's letters, and these, indeed, breathed the language of pure and true affection. After reading them, Honorine was confirmed in her conviction that a base deception had been practiced on her.

She also found an unfinished letter from her mother to Mrs. Blundell, and concluded that death had prevented the writer from bringing her task to a close. This letter, in all probability, contained the last words Lucy had written; and it was with feelings amounting almost to religious awe, that Honorine perused them. She was particularly struck by the following passage:

"I admit, my dear Matilda, that firm confidence in our divine Redeemer should remove all feelings of terror at the approach of death, teaching us to view it as the passage to that better life purchased for us by the blood of our beloved Saviour. Therefore, as a Christian, I do not fear it; but, Matilda, as a wife and as a mother, can I avoid dreading the moment now so rapidly approaching? Am I not certain that after my death, my husband will know no joy in this earthly pilgrimage? Even his daughter's love will not suffice to console him for the loss of his beloved Lucy. And then that daughter! Alas! dear Matilda, this, above all others, is the thought that shakes my fortitude, and excites my anxiety. Were you in France you would fulfil your promise of watching over her, and my anxious fears would then be considerably allayed. She specially requires a mother's undivided care and attention. Her hasty temper should be checked; but, then, what prudence is requisite in the selection of the means best adapted to correct it? How essential to combine extreme mildness with the firmest determination. When I think of her beauty, her promising talents, and her future fortune, I tremble at the risk of her abusing these gifts. What snares may not avarice and envy lay for her? Perfidious flatterers may lead her to destruction. Ah! my friend, surely it is not wonderful that such thoughts make me shudder at the approach of death?"

"Oh! my beloved mother," exclaimed Honorine, with deep emotion, "how fully has your dreadful prophecy been realized?"

She fell on her knees, and leaning on the desk where her mother's arm had so often rested, she shed a torrent of tears.

During these moments of anguish and remorse, the recollection of her mother, so long dimmed by pride and dissipation, vividly returned, accompanied by a painful consciousness of the contrast between her own life, and the example of that virtuous mother. Again she read the letter, so full of interest to her. At its first perusal the striking feature of her faults had almost

thrown her into despair, and her agitation had prevented her from reading it to the close; it was only on examining it a second time that she discovered this consoling paragraph:

"And yet, my dear Matilda, when I remember that I have dedicated my child to the Holy Mother of God; that in order to secure her more fully the protection of the Queen of heaven, I have allowed her to wear no color but hers; that since her baptism, no matter how weak I felt, no day passed without my saying the rosary for her; in short, when I remember to whom I have intrusted her, and that that loving and powerful mother will watch over her when she has lost her earthly parent, my fears are allayed, and I even reproach myself with them, as an insult to her, whose maternal heart can of all others best excuse a mother's weakness."

Honorine remembered that during her early childhood she had been taught to pray to her heavenly protectress, but that since then she had become careless about it; she could not now avoid thinking that this negligence had caused the Blessed Virgin to desert her, not yet understanding that trials and crosses are to be received rather as marks of God's mercy than as evidences of his anger.

She determined to make every effort to improve, and affectionately kissed her mother's rosary, which she had also found, looking on this unexpected discovery as a favorable omen. She then fervently repeated the "Hail, Mary," and experiencing a degree of calm placidity, to which she had been long a stranger, resumed her investigations. Amongst the furniture which Honorine retained, there was a small book-case which had also belonged to her mother; she examined all the books in it, but accustomed as she had been to nothing but frivolous and light reading, she could not at once enjoy or appreciate these, which were chiefly works of piety. Her attention was, however, attracted by some volumes, more elegantly bound than the others; these were Meditations on the Gospel, by the Abbé Duquesne. Few works could have been more suited to Honorine, who stood so much in need of religious instruction. In the fly-leaf of the first volume were these words, in her mother's handwriting:

"Presented to Lucy Delmer by her father, on the day of her marriage with Ernest Mason. May the divine model proposed to us in this work, and the sacred precepts it contains, ever regulate our thoughts and actions, so that fulfilling the will of God, in all things, we may be the objects of His benediction in this life, to be reunited in His bosom for all eternity."

"Everything here speaks of my parent's Christian sentiments," exclaimed Honorine; "how strange and new those sentiments appear to me! But it is my duty to understand them, and I must try. Oh my father!—oh my mother! obtain for your unhappy daughter even a small portion of that solid piety which was the source of your happiness, and which enabled you to support the trials of this life so patiently. Henceforth this book shall be my guide, as it was yours; each day I will study it, and may the ignorance of my youth be dis-

pelled by precepts which are doubly dear to me from the knowledge that you followed and practiced them."

The sale of Honorine's furniture was to take place the following day; the house had been already valued, and the final arrangements were to be concluded the same evening. She anxiously awaited Mr. Devany's arrival to hear the result of his proceedings relative to the payments and receipts which she had authorized him to arrange in her name. It was on the third day after her removal that this kind-hearted man, having brought her affairs to a close, came to settle with her. The account was not so satisfactory as Honorine had hoped, the sale not having realized anything like the sum expected. Many attended it through curiosity; others would not think of purchasing articles which were still equal to new, and had originally cost an immense price, unless they got them decided bargains.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks there was quite sufficient to pay all Honorine's debts; but after the liquidation of these, there would be little or nothing left for her own wants. Mr. Devany advised her not to pay in full, but to make an arrangement with her creditors.

"No!" said she; "I wish to have done with them at once; perhaps at another time I should be still less able to discharge their claims. As soon as I have no one but myself to think of, I can turn my thoughts to the best means of working for my support."

All her debts were accordingly paid, and there remained to her a surplus only of one hundred francs. Winter was approaching, and the cold was already severe. Honorine calculated that no matter how assiduously she worked, she could not afford to keep either her room or the girl who attended her. The necessity of applying to strangers for aid cost her pride a fearful struggle. Her extreme repugnance to meeting any of her former acquaintances had induced her to limit her search for occupation to the neighborhood in which she now resided, and where she was, of course, unknown. After a considerable conflict she determined to seek a situation in one of the numerous schools in the Marsh and Faubourg St. Antoine, or in one of the wealthy families from whom she had seen advertisements in the daily papers for a governess or companion. Presenting herself as she did, without reference or introduction, she was in some cases rejected almost as an impostor; in others she was kept waiting for a considerable time, and then told to call next day for an answer; on her second call, after a similar delay, she was informed she would not suit. In some instances, a specimen of her accomplishments was required; but her extreme nervousness, and the effect of the cold on her poor benumbed fingers, prevented her doing justice to her abilities as a musician; and she was again unceremoniously dismissed. Each evening she returned more and more disheartened, but was quickly revived by a short, pious lecture, the hope so natural to youth, and the energy of her character. From time to time she prayed, and with prayer hope invariably returned; on one occasion,

as she poured out her heart to God, a new idea struck her, which seemed like a heavenly inspiration. Although she had not cultivated drawing very carefully, yet she had rather more taste and liking for it than for other accomplishments. It now occurred to her that by devoting herself to it as a means of livelihood, she should be enabled to retain her apartments, and be preserved from a recurrence of her late annoyances. She therefore decided on resuming it, and executing copies and original designs for some of the most noted houses in Paris. She at once put this project into execution, and succeeded in getting employment, the remuneration for which was, however, far below her expectations. Her drawings, once so flattered and over-praised, had now to undergo the criticism of selfish shopkeepers, and with it fell the over-exalted opinion she had hitherto entertained of her own proficiency. Nevertheless, she worked on most industriously and perseveringly, hoping by practice to improve.

A few days after, Mr. Devany came to see her, and brought a small sum saved from the wreck of her fortune, which, as her funds were this day particularly low, Honorine received as a gift from Heaven. The good tradesman told her, at the same time, that several persons had sent to inquire her present address; amongst others, the Countess St. Alban, and a respectable old clergyman, who was most urgent to discover her residence. Honorine could scarcely repress her feelings; still she persevered in saying that she had strong reasons for desiring to remain unknown. She entreated Mr. Devany not to betray her, and assured him that by doing so he would deprive her of the comfort she derived from his services, as she would be compelled to change her residence, and conceal its locality from even him. The Countess St. Alban was the person above all others whom Honorine could least endure the idea of meeting; she and her daughter were Mrs. Belmour's most intimate friends, and, therefore, must be fully in possession of her conduct towards that amiable being, and her faults, when contrasted with Louisa Grenville's generosity, must, no doubt, have sunk her still lower in their estimation.

"No!" said she, when again alone, "no, my rebellious heart is not yet capable of enduring pity from those I have insulted. I could not bear to meet any one who might draw a comparison between the present and the former position of Miss Mason. I must remain longer in solitude, reflect, and, it may be, suffer more, before I again mix in the society of the virtuous and wise."

Chapter XIII.

That she might give the more uninterrupted attention to the occupation she had undertaken, Honorine thought it better to retain the servant, who, while she was drawing, could wash and mend her clothes, execute commissions, cook her humble meals, and perform such other duties as the poor orphan had not yet courage to discharge, and would not know how to go about.

One day Jane—this was the servant's name—brought her a bill for

eighty francs, which had just been furnished by a dealer in fancy goods. This man had not heard of Miss Mason's losses till after the sale of her effects, and the division of its proceeds. Hearing that Mr. Devany had been authorized to arrange these matters, he applied to him for her address; but being denied, watched and followed him to Honorine's residence, and having ascertained that Miss Mason lived in that house, he came next day to demand payment. Fifteen francs was all Honorine possessed, but she was in the act of finishing some watercolor drawings which had been ordered. "Jane," said she, with a bursting heart and eyes filled with tears, "tell him I cannot possibly pay this bill now, but in a few days hope to give him the greater portion of it."

"I have waited long enough," said an ill-looking man, who had been waiting on the lobby, and now entered the room. "I must be paid at once, and if you will not do it willingly, I know how to force you." Meantime he took a view of the few articles of furniture in the room, and seemed to calculate whether they would produce sufficient to pay the debt and the costs of a seizure. Honorine tremblingly displayed the fifteen francs, offered him ten, and, to satisfy him about the balance, showed the drawings she was engaged at, promising that his debt should be discharged as soon as she received payment for them. The promise appeased him, and he went away, saying he would call at the end of a week. He returned at the appointed time, and Honorine was ready to keep her engagement; but this unexpected demand nearly exhausted her finances, and obliged her to work still harder to make up the deficiency. Though it could scarcely be expected that a young person in Honorine's circumstances should not bitterly feel the loss of wealth, comfort, and many luxuries, which custom had rendered a necessity; still she led for a short time a calm, and even cheerful life. Her constant occupation left her little leisure for painful reflections on the past, and the fatigue of the day insured her a tranquil night. Her Sundays were spent partly in the church, with her mother's prayer-book, and partly at her own fireside, where she read the meditations on the Gospel, and learned from them to yearn for everlasting happiness. But this interval of repose was not destined to continue; fresh trials awaited poor Honorine. Political disturbances had injured trade; the person for whom she worked declared he was overstocked, and had no further occupation for her; she could not get orders anywhere else, and she was, besides, in debt for the hire of several copies; to seek some other means of existence was clearly unavoidable. Though she never liked needlework, she undertook some from a seamstress, and very soon became clever at it. But diligently as she applied to it, the produce was very small, and insufficient for her wants. It was, besides, an occupation very ill-suited to her actual circumstances, affording no food to the mind, and leaving uncontrolled sway to the imagination. Painful recollections, sad anticipations, perpetually overwhelmed her, and did the more mischief as she had no one to whom

she could communicate her sorrows. These feelings gave rise to the idea of committing the effusions of her overburdened heart to paper, and thus affording to the young, under the form of a tale, the benefit of the lessons which she had learned by sad and painful experience. Having drawn, under fictitious names and in assumed situations, a vivid representation of the attractions presented by the world at her outset in life, the neglect she afterwards encountered enabled her to paint, in still more glowing colors, its ingratitude and deceit. Her trials rendered her eloquent, for who can so truthfully delineate affliction as those who have themselves tasted the bitter cup? Dividing her time between manual and mental labor, Honorine rejoiced to find her work drawing to a close. All she now required was a happy termination to her heroine's career; but this was her greatest difficulty; to her, happiness was but a phantom, and it seemed as though her pen refused to trace its representation. The first part had been written rapidly and naturally, but the conclusion required a studied effort.

Before she had decided this point, poor Honorine was taken ill, and was obliged to desist from her labors. She was confined to her bed for several days, and continued for a length of time in a state of such extreme exhaustion as to prevent her making the slightest exertion. Thinking she was now on the brink of eternity, she seriously reviewed the errors of her life. The expiation to which she had been subjected seemed insignificant, when compared with what she had deserved. Her poverty, her sufferings, now became precious to her, and she firmly resolved, should her painful existence be prolonged, to endure with more perfect resignation all future trials. The prospect of the eternal happiness destined to reward these passing sufferings, strengthened her disenthralled heart, and she arose with renewed courage, determined to study her religion more thoroughly, and, difficult as the task might be, to delay no longer her reconciliation with the Almighty.

Her funds were completely exhausted: not one of the works began before her illness was finished, but during the leisure it forced upon her, new ideas arose, and furnished a conclusion to her tale. As soon as she had finished and carefully revised it, being still too weak to go out, she sent it with a letter to a very respectable bookseller. Feeling quite sure that her work would suit, she begged him to look over the manuscript, and stated that she would call in a few days to learn his opinion. She indulged in pleasing hopes while waiting his decision, which she felt persuaded must be favorable; she fancied how much more remunerative this tale would be than her needlework, and while hurriedly finishing some pieces she had in hand before her illness, was already planning new literary works, the success of which was to place her in an independent position, and establish a reputation for her that would completely obliterate the contempt entailed by her faults and misfortunes. Thus was her poor mind continually seeking illusory consolation, and foolishly clinging to phantoms. She soon,

however, rejected these thoughts as remnants of her old pride and self-esteem, and admitted that she was not yet sufficiently subdued, but deserved further humiliation. On a bitterly cold and gloomy morning, after taking a bit of dry bread for her breakfast, she set out to ascertain the fate of her manuscript. On her way she called to the seamstress with the work she had so long in hand, hoping that her illness would fully excuse her want of punctuality. Her employer, however, was terribly displeased, and would not listen to her explanation; she had lost, she said, the opportunity of selling this article, which was now out of fashion, and peevishly throwing the ten francs, which she had agreed to pay for it, on the counter, sharply told her she had no more work for her.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

WITHIN the last few years much has been said and written concerning the Pope's temporal power—his civil authority over certain states constituting a secular domain or kingdom. This sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff has been, as we all know, of late most violently assailed in theory and in fact, and, at the present moment, our Holy Father Pius IX is actually despoiled of his temporal power. Under these circumstances, the question of the Pope's civil rights has become one of vital importance. The Pontiff himself, and the Bishops of the Church, and many able Catholic writers have proclaimed and vindicated these rights. Their legitimacy and necessity have been established by historical and other arguments abundantly conclusive. I do not intend doing this work again, although I must go over some of the same ground in connection with the object which I have proposed to myself in this paper. In all controversies, whether between Catholics and non-Catholics, or among Catholics themselves, it is of great moment that the *state of the question*—the *status quæstionis*—should be accurately defined. The neglect of this leads to confusion of ideas, mutual misunderstandings, and often very serious errors. Champions of a good cause frequently commit great mistakes, regrettable enough in themselves, but more so on account of the advantage they afford to the adversaries of truth.

In endeavoring to settle this question, we need not particularly address ourselves to those whom we agree in considering as real adversaries of the truth—whether they be excusably so or not. We are not fighting with them. But we have no occasion to whisper. We may let them overhear us, and we may gain a good deal by this even in our contest with them. It has been said before now, and said truly, that with regard to the more serious matter of the conversion of Protestants, they may often be influenced more by hearing sermons addressed to Catholics than by con-

troversial discourses. "It seems to me," says Canon Oakeley, "that the best kind of controversy in popular preaching is that which, by giving a clear statement of true doctrine, indirectly condemns its opposite."*

I will, first of all, cite from ecclesiastical documents three passages, in which the necessity of the Pope's temporal authority is asserted, in two instances by the Pontiff himself, in the third by a large number of Bishops.

Pius IX in an encyclical letter dated the 18th of June, 1859, and addressed to all the Bishops of the Church, speaks as follows: "We publicly proclaim that a civil princedom is necessary to this Holy See, that it may be able to exercise its sacred power without any impediment; which civil princedom, indeed, the artful enemies of the Church of Christ are striving to take away from the same (Holy See)," &c.

Again in Apostolical Letters of the 16th of March, 1860, he says: "Since the Catholic Church, founded and instituted by Christ the Lord to procure the eternal salvation of men, has, by virtue of its divine institution, obtained the form of a perfect Society, it ought consequently to possess such liberty that in the exercise of its sacred ministry it should be subject to no civil power; and because in order to act freely, as was just, it needed defences corresponding to the condition and necessity of the times, therefore, by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence, it happened that, when the Roman empire fell and was divided into several kingdoms, the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ has constituted the head and centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil princedom, whereby in truth it was most wisely provided by God Himself that, amidst such a multitude and variety of temporal princes, the Sovereign Pontiff should enjoy that political liberty which is so necessary that he may exercise his spiritual power, authority, and jurisdiction throughout the whole world, without any impediment."

The Bishops assembled at Rome in 1862, in an Address to the Holy Father, dated the 9th of June of that year, express themselves thus: "We recognize the civil princedom of the Holy See as something necessary, and manifestly instituted by the Providence of God, nor do we hesitate to declare that in the present state of human things this civil princedom is altogether required for the good and free government of the Church and of souls. It was assuredly necessary that the Roman Pontiff should not be the subject, nay not even the mere guest, of any prince, but that, residing in a kingdom and dominion of his own, he should be his own master, and in a noble, tranquil, and venerable liberty should defend the Faith and rule and govern the Christian commonwealth. . . . But to say any more on this so important subject hardly becomes us, who have often heard thee not so much discoursing as teaching with regard to it. For thy voice, as a sacerdotal trumpet resounding through the whole world, has proclaimed that 'by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence it happened that

* The Priest on the Mission, p. 46.

the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ had constituted the head and centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil princedom.' By all of us, therefore, it is to be held as most certain that this temporal rule did not fortuitously accrue to the Holy See, but by a special disposition of God was assigned to it, and during a long series of years confirmed and preserved to it, with the unanimous consent of all kingdoms and empires and almost by a miracle." This address may be looked on as coming from the whole Episcopate —morally speaking—if we take into account the number of those who signed it at Rome, and of those who gave their adhesion to it from a distance. It may also be considered as expressing the sentiments of the Pope, who fully accepted and approved it.

Having premised these authoritative declarations, I will proceed to consider what is meant by the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, and also the nature or reason of it.

§ I.

Necessity has various degrees and phases. One thing may be strictly necessary to the *existence* of another, as for instance food is for the preservation of animal life on this earth; or it may be necessary only to well-being, as certain comforts are, without which we can absolutely live. Then, a thing may be necessary in particular circumstances, as medicine or change of climate is for the life of some. Again, a means may be necessary for a special end, unless its place be supplied by a different means, equally or more effectual. I may need a horse to make a quick journey, but a railway train will serve me even better. Necessity may be essential, springing from the nature of things, as creation and conservation are for the existence and continuance of contingent beings; or it may be dependent on an order which could be changed. Thus food, though, as I have said, strictly necessary to animal life on this earth, will not be so for man's bodily existence after the resurrection, and could be dispensed with now if such were the will of God.

Is the secular sovereignty of Christ's Vicar on earth necessary for the *existence* of the Church? Would the Church fail were that sovereignty to cease altogether? Would the Church, at least, so languish without it, as to be in a state of imperfection inconsistent with the promises of Christ regarding this His chosen Spouse? Is the temporal power necessary for that well-being which has been manifestly guaranteed to the Church? Is it thus necessary at least *in the present Providence*, taking the phrase *present Providence* not in a very wide, but in a rather restricted sense? Would the final extinction of the temporal power, if permitted, involve, on the part of God, an obligation resulting from His fidelity to His promises, to extend permanently His intervention beyond the limits of what we call, as I have said, in a restricted sense, his present Providence or the present order of Providence? I will not venture just now to answer in the negative; but I confess I do not see a clear obligation of answering in the affirmative. When I speak of *obligation* I allude to the statements on the

subject, made by the present Pontiff and by so many Bishops, statements which, I fully admit, do carry an obligation with them, and which I would not for a moment contravene. That the temporal power is, in a true sense, *necessary*, there cannot be a rational doubt, and this necessity is such as to impose the duty of maintaining that power, on Catholics in general, according to their respective conditions.

Again, I am not forgetting that the Church existed for a considerable period before the Vicar of Christ was a secular sovereign; whence it would seem to follow that the temporal power could not be strictly necessary to the Church, and therefore that it is irrational to hesitate on that point as I have done. Most assuredly the temporal power is not *essential* to the Church, nor did any one that I know of ever say it was. But, without being essential, it might be strictly required for that perfection which Christ is conceived to have promised to His Church as arrived at her maturity. Thus, for instance, there may be a degree of actual Catholicity or universality which, after she had once acquired, the Church could not fall from, consistently with the promises of our Lord, though the Church as truly *existed* before the attainment of that degree as it does now; and further, this amount of Catholicity approaches nearer to being essential than the temporal power even seems to do.

To proceed now with our inquiry. If the temporal power be not strictly and indispensably necessary to the Church, in what sense is it still *truly* necessary? I answer: The temporal power is, in the present order of Providence, decidedly necessary for the *well-being* of the Church, not a superlative well-being, not an extreme prosperity, but a simply congruous condition not more than satisfactory, so that to fall from it would involve a state of some degree of want and distress, though not dissolution or ruin. We say of a man considered with relation to his position in life, whatever it may be, that he has a *competence*, meaning that if he had less he would be straitened, though perhaps he would retain his position. So we may say, the temporal power belongs to the *competence* of the Church. Without the temporal power the Church would not be satisfactorily provided for. She would be unduly straitened.

The Papal and Episcopal declarations which I have cited establish not only the expediency, but the *necessity* of the Pope's temporal power, its necessity, at least, for the well-being of the Church, and that a well-being not of supererogation, but such as is due to the Church, and ought to be possessed by the Church. What is then to be thought of those professing Catholics who pretend that the extinction of that power would be *beneficial* to the Church? Taking into account these declarations, and at the same time the action of the Pope and the sense of the Church manifested in many ways for ages, I cannot bring myself to believe that such a view falls short of heresy, at least of constructive heresy. I do not mean to imply that it is contradictorily opposed to a dogmatic definition on the utility of the temporal power, but that it obviously charges the Church with a very serious error,

doctrinal and practical; for if that view be right the Church is grievously and mischievously mistaken concerning its own condition, and has been so for ages, and such an imputation cannot be cleared of heresy. The denial of the necessity of the temporal power in that mitigated sense of necessity I have endeavored to explain, though not liable to the same charge, is undoubtedly unsound and un-Catholic. Such views on the part of Catholics may be variously accounted for. In some they may be the effect of culpable deception coming from others or from themselves. This as well as other causes is often helped by a certain obliquity of mind akin to partial derangement. Then there is in many a reckless presumption, which makes them adopt, on the most sacred subjects, opinions which strike them as reasonable, without any proportionate examination, and especially without consulting authority. Of course if the Church speaks clearly enough *for them*, being Catholics, they will not hold out; but they easily forget to inquire what the Church has to say, and persuade themselves too at times that the Church *cannot have said* anything that will interfere with their ideas. Vanity, likewise, frequently enters. There is something high-minded and independent in rising above prevalent doctrines. A certain spurious liberality, too, has its share in the work. It is pleasant to tell a Protestant that you are no more a friend of that antiquated institution—the temporal power—than he is. Though, by the way, there are sensible Protestants who, while they object to our religion, think those who profess it are right in maintaining the Roman Pontiff's secular authority. Another element of opposition to this authority is a feeling of jealousy towards the Church, as if she had no business meddling with worldly things. Let the Pope and Bishops and Priests look after the sacraments and the preaching of the gospel. That is their sphere. What have they to do with government? This is an affair of nature and the natural man.

But all these adversaries of the necessity of the temporal power should remember among other things, that the Pope too is a man, and that his priesthood does not disqualify him from understanding and doing the work a layman could perform. On the contrary, the special studies of an ecclesiastic are largely concerned about those principles of morality which ought to be the basis of secular government. I fully admit that temporal sway is not, as a general rule, the business of the ministers of Christ, and it is very undesirable that they should be extensively engaged in affairs of this nature. But in a particular—a singular—instance, where there are special reasons recognized by a long series of Popes, and, I may say, by all the present Bishops and the immense majority of Catholics generally, where there are, I say, special reasons, the temporal government of a small state by a Bishop, who is supposed to be an intelligent man, and who if not an ecclesiastic would probably be considered better qualified than many lay sovereigns, is certainly not a subject of rational complaint.

The Church of Christ is a vast organized independent Society, in-

stituted for spiritual and religious ends, with laws and a legislative power of its own, with authorized magistrates and officers and tribunals, having too from God temporal rights as to the possession and acquisition of worldly goods, and possessing actually temporal goods necessary or useful for its maintenance and administration. This Society is spread over the earth and divided into many sections, partly, though not necessarily, corresponding with the natural and with the civil divisions of countries, but still one Society. Of this entire Society the Roman Pontiff is the supreme Head on earth, having and exercising jurisdiction over all parts of the Church. His power is of divine institution. He is in the strictest sense *by Divine right* Ruler of the Church. All Catholics recognize his sovereign authority in faith, morals and discipline. He can and does make laws for the whole body; he enacts, repeals and modifies ecclesiastical statutes, whether general or local; he grants dispensations even where no one else can; he confers, withdraws, restricts spiritual jurisdiction throughout the world. He is the Supreme Judge not only of controversies concerning faith and morals, but also of ecclesiastical causes, which come before him either in the first instance or by way of appeal. The whole of this intervention is based of Divine right, and is at the same time actual and practical in the highest degree. Now, in the exercise of the Pope's duties we have to consider several circumstances which will be found to have a bearing on the question before us.

1. The Pope has to keep up a constant intercourse with all parts of the Church by letters and documents.

2. The Pope has to keep up a constant or very frequent intercourse with all parts of the Church by means of persons, either sent by him to various places, or summoned by him to his place of residence, or coming to him to treat of causes or other affairs which cannot be otherwise satisfactorily arranged. The place in which the Pope resides permanently is, in a very true and practical and necessary sense, the capital of the Christian World. This is and has been the case with regard to Rome, not merely because the Pope is Bishop of Rome, but because the Pope has usually resided at Rome. During the comparatively short period when the Popes resided at Avignon, though still Bishops of Rome and retaining the temporal dominion of Rome, and for part of the time of Avignon also, we may say that the capital was in a certain sense divided.

3. The business to be done in the government of the whole Church cannot be done without a variety of public offices and officials, tribunals and judges, commissions, &c.; in a word, without a large staff and large accommodation for the various departments. The Pontiff too must have a permanent council to advise him on the dogmatic and moral questions on which it is his duty to pronounce.

4. The fulfilment of his office necessarily entails on the Pope

very considerable expenses. Abstracting even from state and pomp and from the exercise of hospitality, so obviously congruous in his position, the machinery, so to speak, of central ecclesiastical government necessarily involves a large outlay

5. The Pope's action extends itself to every country, and this action is by no means unimportant or little felt. He necessarily has to treat with sovereign princes, for the sake of themselves and of their people, and he has to treat with the people too, who are their subjects. The questions to be settled and the arrangements to be made are often of great moment in the eyes of the various states concerned. In such transactions it is necessary that the Pontiff should be a free agent, and that he should be believed and known to be a free agent. Even when the Pope is independent, as he has habitually been for many centuries, there are jealousies enough to be dealt with. How much more so if he were not!

These few circumstances which I have stated contain pretty obvious and strong reasons why the Pope should be a temporal sovereign. He must be either a sovereign or a subject of some secular prince. Suppose Rome actually ruled over by King Victor Emmanuel II, as unfortunately it is at this moment. Set aside the violent state of things which prevails there just now; set aside the insufficiency and baselessness of the pretended guarantees which are spoken of; set aside the absurd phantom of independence which the Pope is asserted to possess, whilst he is in reality a prisoner in a palace which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is not recognized by the Piedmontese authorities as his. Suppose the Pope legitimately a subject of the so-called Italian monarch. Suppose him treated as such, treated honestly, treated kindly. He is then a subject civilly of Victor Emmanuel. He is at the same time Head of the Church. Before going further, there seems to be an incongruity in this combination. The condition of a subject of one king does not go well with that of Spiritual Ruler of the vast body of Christians who are subjects of the Pontiff, and with whom he has to deal as such. Then, he has to hold communication at least by letter with the Sovereigns and Bishops and people of the various countries, whatever be their political relations towards the Italian king. He may, besides, get into differences with the Italian king on ecclesiastical matters, as he may with any other, and these differences will easily be of more moment in themselves than what might occur between the King and a Bishop, and independently of this greater importance, if they lead to a persecution of the Pope, it will be an infinitely worse matter both for that particular kingdom and for the Church than if another Bishop were maltreated.

The second circumstance among those I enumerated was the personal intercourse of the Pope with men of all nations, with Bishops, Priests, Laymen, and even Sovereigns or their representatives. No doubt an Italian or English nobleman may receive occasional visits

from foreigners whose admission into the country is not objected to by the government; but if he held a position not given him by government, not dependent on government, and in virtue of which, as a matter of right, he could insist on receiving at pleasure men of whatever rank and from whatever country, it would be a very strange state of things and often not a little embarrassing.

The third circumstance of those enumerated was the staff of official persons necessary for the Pontiff's spiritual government, with their offices and tribunals. The Pope must have chief ministers and subordinate ministers and judges, in a word all the machinery required for the exercise of an extensive, supreme, and complicated rule. A simple subject of the Italian king must have surroundings of this nature; he must have a large governmental system at full work in the capital city of the kingdom, or in *a* city of the kingdom whether it be the civil capital or not. This is undoubtedly a very peculiar combination, rather an anomalous condition of affairs both for Pope and King.

The fourth circumstance of those enumerated was the necessary revenue of the Pontiff. Where is it to come from? Is the Pope with his *Curia* to be maintained by the secular government of that one country? Such an expense would be a serious item in the budget, for the support of a central authority with which that government has no more to do than any other. However, if the government were able and willing, and perpetually able and willing to afford such a subsidy on a generous scale, well and good. But supposing that the Italian government did not come down so handsomely, where else is the Head of the Church to look for his support and that of his administration? Is it to the contributions of the faithful throughout the world? This might do for a short time. But it would not answer for the Pope to be, as a rule, maintained by subscription. Contributions of this kind are by their nature uncertain, especially when coming from great distances and not capable of being satisfactorily enforced.

The last circumstance which I have set down is the necessity of the Pope's being independent and being known to be so. If any office demands liberty of action it is that of Head of the Church. From the nature of the interests involved and the position the Pontiff holds in reference to those interests, his perfect freedom is of vital moment. It is also necessary that all the princes and people with whom he treats should believe him to be free. Otherwise their confidence in him and their very respect for his acts will be imperilled. Now, so long as the Pope is a subject of the king of Piedmont or any other king, his independence is not permanently assured, and is not in fact complete for any given time. It is quite possible to conceive the Pope as a subject placed for awhile in an apparently and, to a certain extent, really favorable position. There may be, especially at the beginning, a certain respect real or pretended for the Pope himself and for existing compacts; but even at this stage, without an open rupture, how much embarrassment,

how much vexatious interference are in the power of a government towards one living within its territory! There will very soon be an end to independent action, and still more to the belief in other countries that it exists. Nay, when harmony does subsist between the Pope and the King, when the Pope is in all good faith left free, will other governments and peoples be assured that such is the case? Will the Pope himself be without anxiety regarding what may happen, will he have a thorough sense of independence? Let us look at governments such as they are and such as they have been. I have no hesitation in saying, and I have no fear of being contradicted by any thorough and at the same time well-informed Catholic, when I say, that no secular government of modern times, and, I will add, of any times, has ever long continued to be such that the Pope could be reasonably content to live under it, or the Faithful throughout the world could be reasonably content to see him its subject.

Some would say that though the Pope ought to be independent, he need not have any notable extent of territory. The city of Rome alone or with a narrow border around the city would suffice. Let him be supreme temporal ruler within these limits. He will then be the subject of no king, and can have about him all the appliances he needs for his government of the Church. There are, I conceive, obvious reasons to prove the insufficiency of such a provision.

First: the sovereignty of a miniature state, such as that suggested, is both too exceptional and too contemptible to be consistent with the Pontiff's position. The boundaries apparently signified by the terms used would not leave room to the Pope for a fairly long drive within his dominions, nor to him or his wealthier subjects for villas, nor to his people for the growth of crops and the feeding of cattle for the support of the inhabitants of the city. The very markets would be supplied from some other kingdom, and so on. Let it not be said that I am raising up a fictitious difficulty for the pleasure of overturning it, namely, imagining a restriction of territory that is not dreamed of. No such thing. We all know there are those who would leave the Pope a nominal sovereignty, and give him less ground than I have specified in my hypothesis, which is in truth liberal compared with what has been proposed even by those who are more generous than the Piedmontese government, which has seriously talked of independence and sovereignty within almost microscopic limits. But supposing the Pope had to himself a small province, such a realm would not be befitting his dignity. If the Pope is a sovereign he ought to have a real kingdom, small it may be, but large enough to hold its place among independent states.

Again: the Pope's temporal dominions ought to be sufficiently extensive to supply a competent revenue for his expenses without any excess of taxation. These expenses must be considerable, though taking all things into account they have been in fact moderate, while the burdens of the people were easy to bear, and very far lighter than those placed on them at this moment. In

order that the Pope may be congruously supported in his dignity, and may be able to defray the charge of his civil and ecclesiastical departments, he requires a revenue that cannot be derived from a very small state. As I have already said, the habitual dimensions of the Papal territory have varied comparatively little since the eighth century, so that it would seem their measure had been pretty nearly determined by the same special Providence to which the sovereignty itself is to be attributed.

I pass by the enormous usurpation committed in the seizure of Rome, and of what remained to the Pope of his states until last September. I will suppose that the power pretended now to belong to the so-called king of Italy and his government and parliament is legitimate, and will merely call attention to the actual and prospective posture of affairs in that supposition. The king is said to have faith and a certain amount of conscience, which makes him very uneasy; but he is a weak man, more or less a puppet in the hands of whatever ministers he can get. These ministers are unscrupulous and leavened, as is the parliament in a still greater degree, with revolutionary principles; whilst bad as the whole legislature is, it is controlled by a faction still worse than itself. The Mazzinian party would willingly do away with kings as well as popes; but tolerates, and to a certain extent supports, for the moment, a system which cannot quite yet be satisfactorily overthrown. The King—for all that he is worth—and the government, and the parliament, pretend to some regard for the Pontiff, and have been constructing plans for what they call his independence, and still less intelligibly a sort of sovereignty. The *guarantees*, as they are termed, form a leading feature in this plan. Now what is to be said of these guarantees? Just three things: first, that they are thoroughly inadequate: secondly, that such as they are, they may be any day repealed or curtailed by the authority whence they proceed: thirdly, that even while they retain a legal existence, they are sure not to be observed. In the meantime, as an earnest of the blessings the Pope is to look forward to in his new temporal position, all kinds of insult and obloquy are heaped upon him in Rome itself, with, at the very least, the connivance of the Italian authorities. A great deal of language has been used at Florence, from the king down, which viewed in itself may be justly qualified as hypocritical, but which taken in conjunction with other words spoken and deeds done there and at Rome, seems to fall away from that character, if hypocrisy implies an earnest attempt to deceive.

Let any naturally honest man, Catholic, Protestant, or Pagan, say whether the Pope will be independent under Italian rule, independent in the way in which the interests of the Catholic Church demand. Of course, among those to whom I appeal, there are many who think there should be neither Pope nor Popery in the world, and not a few who believe that even while these things do exist, the worse off they are the better, though this latter opinion is far from being shared by all the adversaries of our faith.

But the question before us regards not the truth of Catholicity, but the need of the Pope's independence for the Church, and what kind of independence it should be. In treating this question, I have made the most favorable suppositions as to the possibly generous mode of proceeding of a temporal sovereign towards the Pope who should be his subject; suppositions which, if their realization could be permanently secured, might make the views of our opponents in a certain degree plausible. But it would be hard to expect their realization even for a time, and still harder to obtain a security for its continuance. In the practical instance of the present day, the beginning is so bad that we need not look to any future deterioration to ground an argument against the state of things. The present position of the Pontiff under the sway of Sardinia, passing by the injustice of the usurpation, affords an emphatic illustration of what may be the effects of the Pope's loss of his temporal power.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman,—what are they?
The right to labor, love, and pray;
The right to weep with those who weep,
The right to wake when others sleep;

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear,
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair;

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to *that* within the veil;

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless;

The right the little ones to guide,
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love, and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days;

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys
And wing its flight for Heavenly joys;

The right to live for those we love,
And suffer much that love to prove;
The right to brighten homes of earth
With pleasant smiles and gentle mirth.

Are these thy rights?—Then use them well,
Thy holy power no voice can tell;
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast *enough* to answer for!

Are these thy rights?—Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God has given;
Life's duty done,—thy rest in Heaven.

THE BEGGAR OF THE CHURCH STEPS.

Not long since an old beggar, named Jacques, was in the habit of placing himself daily at the gate of a church in Paris. His manner, tone, and language showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow-paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as the persons attached to the parish.

Every morning, for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet none of his fellow-beggars could relate the least particular of his life.

Only one thing was known. Jacques was never seen to set his foot within the church; yet he was a Catholic. At the time of the religious services—when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion; when the incense, ascending above the altar, rose with the vows of the faithful towards heav-

en; when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled Christians—the beggar was always seen mingling his prayers with those within the church. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune or profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the Church he might have been taken for some great criminal, condemned in penance for sin to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful, and to pass like a shade through the midst of the living.

A certain priest used to repair to that church every day to celebrate Mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of a good private fortune, his great joy was in bestowing abundant alms on all who were in distress. The beggar had become endeared to him, and every morning the Abbé Paulin de Saint C—— accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income to the poor beggar.

One day Jacques did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbé, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his usual charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The priest was astonished at the sight he beheld: there was a strange mixture of luxury and misery in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the bolster; two pictures, richly framed and covered with crape, were placed on a whitewashed wall; a crucifix in ivory of beautiful workmanship was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with Gothic carvings; and among a few worn-out volumes lay a Mass-book, with silver clasps—all the rest of the furniture announced frightful misery.

The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with accents full of gratitude the latter cried out—

"Father, you are, then, kind enough to remember an unhappy man?"

"My friend," replied the Abbé, "a priest forgets none but the happy ones. I come to inquire whether you want any assistance."

"I want nothing," answered the beggar. "My death is approaching: my conscience alone is not quiet."

"Your conscience!—have you any great sin to repent of?"

"A crime—an enormous crime: a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation: a crime beyond pardon."

"A crime beyond pardon! that is impossible. The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man."

"But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime—what has he to hope for? Pardon? There is none for me."

"Yes, there is," cried out the priest, with enthusiasm; "to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. My dear brother, if your repentance is sincere, implore the divine goodness: it will not abandon you."

"Hear my story, then," rejoined the beggar, "and you will admit that my crime is so great, I should not dare to hope for mercy.

"The son of a poor farmer, honored with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be *valet-de-chambre* to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition: I was raised to the rank of a secretary. I had just reached my twenty-fifth year, when the first revolution broke out in France. My mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period, my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation.

"I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from crime. The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in the castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in obscurity. I followed them as a child of the house.

"Terror reigned uncontrolled throughout France; nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together tranquil and unknown.

"Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. This informer is myself.

"The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. The trial commenced. The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent; yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found who was their confident, who perverted even the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness,—I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son, an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and curse his assassin, if he ever knew him.

"Resigned, and finding consolation in their virtues, that unfortunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the 9th Thermidor.

"A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified, and his zeal was rewarded. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful injustice

of those times had its course. This wicked informer, I am he.

"At the close of the day, by torchlight, the fatal cart transported that noble family to death. The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters; the mother, a heroic and Christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears, and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. As it was late, the executioner, tired with his task, intrusted this to an assistant. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the assistant on the way begged the aid of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man is myself.

"The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles still deposited here around me are the witnesses of my guilt. After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul.

"No project, no enterprise, no labor of mine was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming. So poignant, that despairing of Divine goodness, I never dared to implore the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, dear father, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters; here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, these veiled portraits were all taken from my victims. Oh, how long and profound has my repentance been! but how powerless. 'Father, do you believe I can hope for pardon from God?'"

"My son," replied the priest, "your crime, no doubt, is frightful; the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims. A whole life passed in tears is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are infinite. Rely on the inexhaustible goodness of God. I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by new life, rose from where he lay, and knelt down and continued his confession.

The Abbé was about to pronounce the powerful words which loose the sins of man, when the beggar cried out:

"Father, wait. Before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruits of my crime. Take these things, sell them, distribute the price to the poor."

With hasty movements the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold," said he, "behold the august images of my master and mistress."

At this sight the Abbé Paulin let these words escape him: "My father!—my mother!"

Immediately the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of these objects, seized upon the soul

of the priest, and yielding to an unexpected emotion, he fell prostrate upon the bed. His face covered with his hands, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar overpowered, not daring to lift up his eyes to the son of his master, his now terrible judge, cast himself at his feet, bedewed them with his tears, and repeated in a tone of despair:

"My master!—my master!"

The priest endeavored, without looking at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out—

"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! Father, dispose of my life! What vengeance will you take?"

"Vengeance!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words; "vengeance! Unhappy man!"

"Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye. There is no forgiveness for me; no more pardon; no forgiveness."

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, reached to the soul of the priest, recalling him to his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of a son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strongest accents of emotion:

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"

"Yes."

"Our God, immolated on this cross by men, grants you His pardon. Finish your confession."

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family.

With his face against the earth, the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet; the latter stretched out his hand to raise him up. He was no more!

AN HUMBLE HEART.

The Almighty, from His throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest humble heart,
An humble heart, His residence! pronounced
His second seat; a rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
Of noble, far the noblest of our lives!
Whose worth unrivalled, and unwitnessed, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And Peace, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

St. Francis Xavier was born in the castle of Xavier, in Navarre, on the 7th of April, 1506, and, according to the best informed authorities, the blood of kings flowed in his veins. At the age of eighteen he was sent to the University of Paris, then the most celebrated in Europe, where he entered on the course of philosophy. There he distinguished himself by the most assiduous application and the most brilliant progress.

Ignatius Loyola was then residing in Paris. He and Francis saw each other, and there began their acquaintance. Nevertheless, Francis was far from appreciating the merits of Ignatius. Day after day the latter repeated to Xavier these words of our Lord: "What shall it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" At last these words sank into Xavier's heart, and on the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, he, with five other companions, stood before Ignatius, and in his presence made a vow to abandon all his earthly goods and proceed on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; or, if this journey could not be undertaken, to go and throw himself at the feet of the sovereign pontiff, and declare his willingness to serve the Church in whatsoever region of the world it might please his holiness to appoint.

Towards the decline of the following year, Xavier set out from Paris with Le Fevre, Laynez, Salmeron, Rodriguez, Bobadilla, and three other theologians, whilst Ignatius, who, for particular reasons, had preceded them, awaited them at Venice. Thence they proceeded to Rome, where they were to remain till the pilgrim ship was ready to sail for the Holy Land, according to custom. Meanwhile war was declared between the Turks and the Venetians, and this circumstance prevented them embarking for Palestine. Xavier reconciled himself to this disappointment, and now devoted himself to the performance of every sort of good works. In order to discharge them more worthily, he set about preparing himself for priesthood, and as soon as he was invested with the sacred character of the ministry of Jesus Christ, he redoubled his zeal, spending all his time preaching, distributing alms, visiting the sick, and by every means within his reach solacing their souls and bodies.

In the meantime, John III, king of Portugal, being desirous to procure missionaries who would carry the light of the faith to India, had applied for this object to the pontiff, through his ambassador. The pope referred the matter to Ignatius, who named Simon Rodriguez, a Portuguese, and Nicholas Bobadilla, a Spaniard. But as the latter had fallen sick, it was Francis Xavier who was chosen to replace him.

"Xavier," said Ignatius to him, I have named Bobadilla for the Indians; but Heaven names you today, and this I announce to you on the part of the vicar of Christ. Go,

my brother, where the voice of God calls you, whither the holy See sends you, and burn all with that fire that consumes yourself." The two missionaries set sail for Lisbon. After the lapse of eighteen months, during which they never ceased to gain souls to God, it was decided that Rodriguez should remain in Portugal, and that Xavier should set out for the Indies with a Portuguese and an Italian who were associated with him. Just as they were on the point of sailing, Xavier addressed Rodriguez thus: "My brother, the last words I shall ever address to you must be spoken now. We shall never see each other again in this world. Let us patiently bear our severance, for it is certain that being united to God, we shall be reunited hereafter, where nothing shall separate us from the society which we have in Jesus Christ." This was on the 7th of April, 1541.

The following, from the pen of an able Protestant writer, is both honorable and truthful as an account of this part of Xavier's life.

"As the vessel in which the saint embarked for India fell down the Tagus, and shook out her reefs to the wind, many an eye was dimmed with unwonted tears, for she bore a regiment of a thousand men to reinforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chestnut forests and rich orange groves, with the peaceful convents and long-loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with delight. He knew that he should never tread his native mountains more; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on the bounty of his fellow-passengers; but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations, of which he knew not the language nor even the names; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant sea-sickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of the ship for his couch, he rendered to the diseased services too revolting to be described; and lived among the dying and the profligate, the unwearied minister of consolation and of peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits in the free spirit of the man of the world, a gentleman, and a scholar. With the viceroy and the officers he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse, he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

"Five weary months (weary to all but him) brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the apostle of the Indies. But his was not a spirit to be quenched or allayed by the fiercest paroxysms of disease. At each remission of his malady, he crawled to the beds of his fellow-sufferers, to soothe their terrors, or assuage their pains.

To the eye of any casual observer, the most wretched of mankind; in the esteem of his companions, the happiest and the most holy, he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

"At Goa he was shocked, and had fear been an element in his nature, would have been dismayed, by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offensive forms which characterize the crimes of civilized men when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilization. Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be instructed in the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stiring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one chord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones were quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends, and then returned them to their homes, that by their more hallowed example they might there impart, with all the unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous as the object of his peculiar care. Even at the tables of the profligate, he was to be seen an honored and welcome guest, delighting the most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither pungent jests to render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the still distasteful path of soberness and virtue. Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had, in truth, long since deserted the standard of prudence—the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom—the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

"From the days of St. Paul to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger and thirst and nakedness and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with even increasing ardor, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas), he took his stand at the foot of a volcano, and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by fallen rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent and to obey the truth; figuring to them, at the same time, that the sounds which racked their ears were as the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes as an outbreak

from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of Mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, rejoicing, as he states in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no school-boy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by St. Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds; but we have not many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him, by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created, for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and the most learned of ordinary men. Imparting everywhere such knowledge as he possessed, he ranged over no small part of the Indian archipelago, and at length retraced his steps to Malacca,—if even yet his exhortations and his prayers might avert her threatened doom."

Xavier having learned that the Japanese were very numerous, docile, and susceptible of the truths of Christianity, he determined to go and kindle the faith in Japan. Vainly did people try to dissuade him; vainly did they affirm that Japan was 1300 leagues distant; that its seas, abounding in shoals, were infested by pirates, and that the terrible winds called typhoons dealt destruction over their whole extent. "Truly," remarked the holy missionary, "I am astonished at your seeking to deter me from going to save souls, when you yourselves do not fear to encounter all these perils for the sake of temporal gain. Surely a merchant should not be more courageous than a missionary!" August 13th, 1549, he landed at Cangoxima, the native place of Paul of Holy Faith. Nearly all the Japanese were idolators. Some of them adored the stars, some the ancient kings, called *Gamis*, and others prostrated themselves before devils, whom they represented in the most terrible forms. Others of them believed in the transmigration of souls. Xavier proceeded prudently. He conversed with the Bonzes (the doctors and teachers of those people), and assured them that he wished them well. But the Bonzes no sooner saw the results produced by his preaching, than their kindly dispositions were turned into deadly hatred, so that Xavier was obliged to quit Cangoxima, where he left many Christians fully resolved to lose their lives rather than abandon their faith. Thence he proceeded to Firando, where in less than twenty days he baptized a vast multitude of infidels. He intended going to Meaco, the capital of Japan, but on his arrival at Amanguchi, the principal city of Naugato, he was so much affected by the widespread corruption of the place, that he could not bring himself to pass it by without preaching Jesus Christ. He stayed there a month,

and the only result of his labors was cruel persecution.

After a painful journey in the midst of snows and rains, over mountains and deserts, he reached Meaco in the month of February, 1551. Here his preaching was not blessed with the results he desired, but he opened a highway for his brethren who in subsequent years were to establish Christianity in these regions. Returning to Amanguchi the conversions became day by day most numerous. "Never," said he, "did I taste such consolations, as at Amanguchi. Oh, that the youth now studying in the academies of Europe could only know the delights I have experienced in converting an idolatrous people! If they did, they would come at once to share in the blessings of the holy work." He remained in Japan about four months, and left it in 1551.

On the 2d of December, 1552, aged forty-six years, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator, joyfully repeating those beautiful words of the Psalm, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, let me not be confounded forever!"

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.

NONSENSE: it is nothing of the kind. And the best way to prove this, if we would only take the trouble so to do, is to collect and adduce groups of instances in which joys and successes, happy enterprises, fortunate determinations, world-improving schemes, have been initiated on Friday. Do not, good reader, deem this process of proof beneath you: it is always worth while to remove prejudices; for to show the fallacy of aught that is untrue, is to render due allegiance to that august lady who is said by some learned men to "live at the bottom of a well."

Not that we can ever remove such prejudices entirely. To whatever subject science has not yet reached, there luck and ill-luck maintain a sovereignty in popular belief. Lucky numbers have had a prodigious reputation ever since the days of the astrologers, and long before. Three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, twenty-one—all have had advocates, as being numbers to which certain special attributes pertain. Number seven had a long reign, but it is being gradually deposed; for the talk of seven metals and seven planets will no longer accord with the discoveries of modern times. We know—indeed the number of such believers is still considerable—a person of education and general good sense, who would refuse to sit down at table if the number of diners were thirteen; he would rather have a domestic servant included among the guests, or would go without his own dinner, or would retain a supplementary

guest at hand for exigencies, than be placed under the cloud of the dreaded thirteen. Ask him why; he can only say it is "unlucky." Ask him why it is unlucky; he can only say, "because it is." In the old days of lotteries, when it was optional in the purchaser to select a ticket of any particular number, the theory of lucky and unlucky numbers was in full power. Some adventurer in the lottery would select the number representing his own age; another, the current year of the Christian era; another, the year in which he was born; another, the number of pounds in the greatest prize; another, a number revealed to him in a dream.

Certain days of the year have had celebrity, either as lucky or unlucky days; sometimes only in the thoughts of individuals, but occasionally throughout wide circles of society. There was a queer little volume published two centuries ago, something midway in character between Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* and the *Young Man's Best Companion*, in which it is said: "Six dayes of the year are perilous of death; and therefore philosophers forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink: that is to say, January 3, July 1, October 2, April 30, August 1, December 21. These six dayes with great diligence ought to be kept, but mainly the latter three, for all the veins are then full. . . . If any child be born in these three latter dayes, they shall die a wicked death." In an old Roman calendar, on the 13th of December prognostications of the weather were drawn for the whole year. Another old weather-book asserts that the feast of St. Barnabas and the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude are often tempestuous days. A writer of the Elizabethan times enumerated no less than sixty "unlucky" days in the year; the month of January was especially unfortunate in the matter; for the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 29th days of this month were included in the doleful catalogue. The ancients had their *dies albi* and *dies atri*—"white days" and "black days." St. Augustine, in commenting on a passage in St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, says that it was meant to apply to those persons who regulated their conduct by reference to the particular day of the month, or to the age of the moon, or to the relative positions of the planets, or to the year being leap-year, &c. There are many old works produced before the days of printing, which contain a sort of calendar in Latin, enumerating the days in the year which are to be regarded as unlucky: these are January 1 and 7, February 3 and 4, March 1 and 4, April 10 and 11, May 3 and 7, June 10 and 15, July 10 and 13, August 1 and 2, September 3 and 10, October 3 and 10, November 3 and 5, December 7 and 10; all kinds of miseries—swords, slaying, dying, blood, wounds, drinking to death, treachery, malaria, serpent's venom, scorpion's sting—are associated with these days. To our perplexity, however, the unlucky days do not at all accord with those given by the Elizabethan writer. A treatise was published in 1687 with the sole purpose of proving that the 14th of October is a lucky day; because

"our magnanimous magnificent sovereign, James II, was born upon that augural day; because that day

> Gave the Norman duke
> That victory when he England's sceptre took;

because Edward III safely landed on that day after his tempestuous voyage from France; because the siege of Calais by the French king was frustrated on that day; and because on that day, in 1557, a treaty of peace was signed between Rome, France, and Spain. When a date is said to have some connection with a particular state of the weather, the assertion is worthy of a little more attention; since modern meteorologists have found themselves justified in looking out for meteors on certain days in August and November, and since the sun's place in the ecliptic may have much to do with the weather: therefore, when it is stated that the feast of St. Barnabas, and that of St. Simon and St. Jude (June 11th and October 28th) are likely to be stormy days; or when it is stated by Dr. Forster in his *Perennial Calendar*, that the 15th of September is fine in six years out of seven—the assertion may possibly rest rather upon science than upon superstition.

Particular days of the week, again, have had their lucky and unlucky attributes in the minds of some persons. Stow remarks that Thursday was connected with many disastrous events in the career of Henry VIII and those of his line. A book published during the reign of Charles I, discoursed on the unlucky characteristics of three Mondays in the year, namely, the first Monday in April, as that on which Cain was born and Abel was slain; the second Monday in August, as that on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the last Monday in December, as that on which Judas was born. In the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, under the heading of Logierait in Perthshire, the inhabitants of the parish are spoken of as being prone to the belief in lucky and unlucky days. "The day of the week on which the 14th of May happens to fall, for instance, is deemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year. In fevers, the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday than on other days of the week; if easier on Sunday, a relapse is feared." In the parish of Kirkwall, the same authority states that many of the inhabitants "will neither go to sea in search of fish, nor perform any sort of work at home" on certain days of the year. In Caithness, "no gentleman of the name of Sinclair will put on green apparel, or think of crossing the Ord upon a Monday. They were dressed in green and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the cause of their country, almost without leaving a representative of their name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious. If the Ord must be got beyond on Monday, the journey is preferred by sea." Supposing these statements to be true, in reference to the time when Sir John Sinclair collected the materials for his valuable work, it would be interesting to know whether the subsequent period has been marked by any changes in the popular belief in question.

But Friday is the unlucky day *par excellence*, according to the opinion

of the million. Singular, indeed, is it to notice how wide-spread is this credence or credulity. Some writers, who claim to know all about the chronology of early events, even to days and hours, tell us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and died on Friday; hence the inauspicious characteristics of that day. Others have picked out a few Fridays in connection with events and persons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and have made poor Friday responsible forever afterwards. For the greater part, however, the dictum has been accepted without any troublesome inquiry into its cause or authority; we know that the cat breaks everything, no other culprit coming forward; and on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week. The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on a Friday; and the Finlanders couple that day with Monday in the same bad list. The *Statistical Account of Scotland*, already quoted, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, "few persons would choose to be married on a Friday." Richard Cœur de Lion was killed on a Friday; and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon forevermore. A Shropshire adage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the *best* or the *worst* weather in the week. Seamen are the most redoubtable defenders of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices in this matter imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast. In 1848, it was whispered at one of our southern ports that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-omened Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to disabuse sailors of their prejudice, a shipowner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday; the ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the Amazon West India mail-steamer left Plymouth on her first voyage on Friday, January 2d, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of 115 lives; and that the Birkenhead troop-steamer, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of 454 lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the Amazon joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed from that port on a Friday; and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor-mind when this list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have *not* told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated

with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair-play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on the other days of the week in as large number as on Friday? If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays? The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed: "O that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day!" but as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage from a newspaper, showing that our great republic, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day: "On Friday, August 21st, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12th, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4th, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent; on Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22d, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13th, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5th, 1496, Henry VII of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America; this the first American state-paper in England. On Friday, September 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, February 22d, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16th, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19th, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 7th, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent." We have not verified these dates; but supposing them to be correct, they certainly send Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premiums: all we ask is—*fair-play for Friday.*

A DREAM OF DEATH.

"WHERE shall we sail to-day?"
Thus said, methought,
A Voice—that could be only heard in dreams:
And on we glided without mast or oars,
A fair strange boat upon a wondrous sea.

Sudden the land curved inward, to a bay
Broad, calm; with gorgeous sea-flowers waving slow
Beneath the surface—like rich thoughts that move
In the mysterious deep of human hearts.

But towards the rounded shore's embracing arm,
The little waves leaped, singing, to their death;
And shadowy trees drooped pensive over them,
Like long-fringed lashes over sparkling eyes.

So still, so fair, so rosy in the dawn
Lay that bright bay: yet something seemed to breathe,
Or in the air, or trees, or lisping waves,
Or from the Voice, aye near as one's own soul—

"*There was a wreck last night!*"
A wreck?—and where
The ship, the crew?—All gone. The monument
On which is writ no name, no chronicle,
Laid itself o'er them with smooth crystal smile.

"*Yet was the wreck last night!*"
And, gazing down,
Deep down beneath the surface, we were 'ware
Of cold dead faces, with their stony eyes
Uplooking to the dawn they could not see.

One stirred with stirring sea-weeds: one lay prone,
The tinted fishes glancing o'er his breast:
One, caught by floating hair, rocked daintily
On the reed-cradle woven by kind Death.

"The wreck has been," then said the deep low Voice,
(Than which not Gabriel's did diviner sound,
Or sweeter—when the stern, meek angel spake:
"See that thou worship not! Not me, but God!")

"The wreck has been, yet all things are at peace,
Earth, sea, and sky. The dead, that while we slept
Struggled for life, now sleep and fear no storm:
O'er them let us not weep when God's heaven smiles."

So we sailed on above the diamond sands,
Bright sea-flowers, and dead faces white and calm,
Till the waves rocked us in the open sea,
And the great sun arose upon the world.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

THERE are few churches in France around which historical memories cluster, and which can recall such varied reminiscences of her Monarchy as the time-honored pile that rears her majestic towers, on the banks of the Seine; the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Yet her earliest origin is a matter of some conjecture, and enveloped in doubt. Probably the first Oratory where St. Denis was wont to assemble the neophytes of Lutetia (Paris), was a crypt known but to him and his converts. Religion like its divine master and founder, had for a time to bury itself in the bosom of the earth, but only to burst forth more radiantly and with renewed strength. Persecution, the Catacombs, and Martyrdom are three works that tell of the early glories of our Holy Mother Church.

When Constantine had taken the Cross for his standard, and later on Clovis had followed his example, then peace began to flourish in the provinces, and churches arose within the walls of the city. It was then that the modest Basilica of Paris was constructed on the desert bank of the Seine, where once stood a temple dedicated to Jupiter, and where now stands the magnificent cathedral of which we write.

Being insufficient for the increasing Christian population, this primitive church was replaced by another built in 555 by Childebert, at the desire of St. Germain, Bishop of Paris. It was first dedicated to St. Stephen, but when Robert, son

of Hugh Capet, undertook to reconstruct it, he put it under the patronage of Our Lady. In 875 this church was destroyed. When peace was proclaimed by the conversion of Rollen, another arose from its ruins and stood until the episcopacy of Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1164. This illustrious prelate resolved to build a new cathedral, and animated by the zeal of the people, and the liberality of princes, commenced the foundation of the present church, but died without the consolation of seeing the end of his labor; and two centuries passed ere completion crowned the work.

This august edifice has suffered much from the ravages of time, but more from the hands of man.

Memory, wandering back through the vista of centuries, can review the scenes that passed within the hallowed walls of this glorious cathedral, where the prayers of so many millions have for ages gone up to God. There often when victory had crowned the heroic arms of France, resounded the solemn hymns of praise and thanksgiving. There too we listen in breathless silence and with enraptured ears to the soul-stirring eloquence and fervor of a host of illustrious and holy men now passed from us to their rest. St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Plechier, Bossuet, Père Lacordaire, and Père de Ravignan, are names that shall live on in the annals of the Holy Church, when the great temple that they irradiated with the sunshine of their fervor shall lie low in decay.

And not to be forgotten is the last sad solemn scene witnessed there, the sequel of the tragedy of La Roquette, the obsequies of Archbishop Darboy, the victim of the venomed shafts scattered a century ago by Voltaire and his school.

Oh, France! Thou art still the beautiful, still in the multitude of thy people, the brave, the heroic. Mayst thou again be France the just and the holy, as thou wert when thy illustrious Bishop, Maurice de Sully, laid the foundation of the noble and hallowed edifice of Notre Dame. May the Divine Head of the Holy Church hasten the day when thy people shall again confess Him, and His teaching, as the true philosophy that shall teach them how to live and how to die. Then, and not until then, canst thou, poor fallen France, lay just claim to that noblest of thy titles, "The Eldest Daughter of the Church."

How frail men, things! how momentary both!
Fantastic chase, of shadows hunting shades!
The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary wastes,
One bustling, and one dancing into death.
There's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

To and From the Passion Play in the Summer of 1871. By Rev. G. H. Doane. Boston: Donahoe, 1872. 12mo., pp. 311.

The Passion Play, as most of our readers know, from descriptions given of it in newspapers and magazines, is a sacred drama representing the passion of our Lord, and enacted every ten years in Oberammergau, a village of Bavaria. The war in 1870 interfered somewhat with the play, and so it was repeated last summer. Father Doane, the learned and esteemed chancellor of the diocese of Newark, on a visit he paid to Europe, assisted at the play, and in a charming book of travels, has given us a full and graphic description of it. It is of course written from a Catholic standpoint, and hence its excellence; for the passion play is eminently Catholic, and can be described perfectly only by one who has the same faith that "inspires those who perform this great act of religion every ten years in their secluded mountain valley, as a thank-offering to God for the mercy he vouchsafed to their forefathers in preserving them from the horrors of pestilence, and as an act of faith in the great mystery of man's redemption."

In this necessarily short notice, we cannot hope to give our readers an idea of a drama, which consists of three parts filled with dialogues, choruses, tableaux, and the other accompaniments of a regular play. The tableaux are thirty-seven in number. The play commences at 8 o'clock A.M., and, with an intermission of an hour at midday, lasts until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. In addition to his graphic portraiture of the scenery and dramatic properties of the play, the author cogently defends it as an influence and means of edification and spiritual profit. Protestants that write about it pretend to be shocked at a theatrical representation of such a subject as the Passion of Christ; but Father Doane shows the error of such a view, and proves that, if witnessed in a Catholic spirit and sympathy, the play is recognized as a powerful religious influence.

The Council of the Vatican, and the Events of the Time. By Thomas Cannon Pope. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

We regret that this valuable book was not written and published at the time of the convocation of the Vatican Council. In fulness of detail and critical historical knowledge regarding general councils and their work, it is, in our judgment, unsurpassed by any popular treatise on the subject. Besides the theological portion of his book, there is scarcely a point of interest relating to the Vatican Council that is not graphically and duly recorded. The work has a special attraction for all that wish to become acquainted with the Irish institutions at Rome, full details being given of the history of the Irish College and different religious orders of that nationality resident at Rome. The appendix contains a list of the Fathers of the Council, including all who took part therein at any time between December 8th, 1869, and July 18th, 1870. Public events which were in any way connected with the Council, are also described and commented upon. The mechanical execution of the book is fine.

The Four Great Evils of the Day. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Boston: Donahoe.

The illustrious prelate discusses, under this title, four of the great evils that afflict the world; viz., the Revolt of the Intellect against God, the Revolt of the Will, of Society, and the Spirit of Antichrist. Each of the lectures is characterized by that deep logical acumen, fine historical criticism, thorough insight into the spirit of the times, and powerful pleading for the cause of Catholicity and religion, which have made the author one of the greatest champions of the

Church in our day. We earnestly commend the book to all classes of Christians, and express our thanks to the enterprise of the publisher, who has placed it within reach of all.

WILD IRELAND. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1871.

This is a series of graphic pictures of mountain life in Ireland. Unlike the generality of such publications, it contains no vulgar prejudice against either the people or their religion. A few of the scenes are rather overdrawn.

BALLADS OF IRISH CHIVALRY. By Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

Mr. Joyce is known as the author of several fine songs, his "Battle of Manney-Ford," and "Blacksmith of Limerick" being household words in Ireland and among the people here. In this volume he has collected many other good songs and ballads, few of which, however, approach the beauty or expressiveness of the two mentioned. As illustrative of the chivalrous Irish spirit, they are very interesting, whilst the fund of historical and local information imparted renders the volume a valuable addition to our limited stock of good Irish antiquarian knowledge.

THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM; OR, HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE GREAT AMPHITHEATRE OF ANCIENT ROME. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1872.

Father O'Reilly has done a service to the cause of ecclesiastical literature. English readers have few books descriptive of the sufferings and triumphs of the ancient martyrs, and it is to be hoped, that the author of this excellent martyrology will favor us with a continuation, for long as is his list of the martyrs, and thorough as is his account, neither exhausts the subject. The many excellences of the present work show that its author is admirably qualified for such a composition. His manner and style are attractive, his introduction of historic or theological details judicious, and the general treatment of his theme noble and elevated. The publishers have issued the book in beautiful style.

THE NEW VIEW OF HELL. By B. F. Barret. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1872.

This compound of Swedenborgianism and Rationalism is another illustration of the departure of the former from the principles laid down by its founder. Swedenborg certainly believed in the punishment inflicted on the lost, but this disciple reduced hell to a "state of life" which is by no means so uncongenial or uncomfortable to the reprobate as we have always been taught to believe. Man here may choose his future state, and having entered into it after death, may leave it when he pleases, or as soon as he becomes dissatisfied. The book reads like a parody, or a burlesque of those solemn and awful truths which declare the eternal happiness of the just, and the unending wretchedness of the wicked, in the other life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for 1872. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This welcome annual, with its fund of interesting and instructive information, has been sent us by the publishers. Works of this kind, the accuracy of whose statistics depends so largely on outside co-operation, must be always from their very nature to an extent incomplete and unsatisfactory. The present issue, however, seems fully equal to any of its predecessors, both as to the fulness and accuracy of the returns from the various Dioceses and the alphabetical order of their arrangement.

We trust that the officials who are interested in having this work perfected, as far as can be, will comply with the request of the publishers, and lend a helping hand.